

SOLDIER SHOWS

FOLIO NO. 30

Entertainment

GRAB BAG

REVUES

RADIO SCRIPTS

PARODIES

BLACKOUTS

CROSSOVERS

WAR DEPARTMENT

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Soldier Shows
Folio # 30

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BLACKOUTS

(Restricted to Army and Navy use exclusively)

STAND-IN

by Matt Brooks and Eddie Davis

CHARACTERS: DIRECTOR
CAMERAMAN
GENE BAWDRY, the cowboy star
PEDRO, a tough-looking Mexican
PEDRO'S THREE HENCHMEN, Mexicans
MAN
WOMAN
STAND-IN

SCENE: QUICKIE MOVIE STUDIO. A BARROOM SCENE. A BROKEN-DOWN SET WITH A FLAT PIECE, ON WHICH IS PAINTED A BAR. IN FRONT OF BAR, AND TO THE RIGHT, IS A BROKEN-DOWN TABLE AND FOUR CHAIRS. TO THE LEFT, IS A BROKEN-DOWN CAMERA, BEHIND WHICH IS THE CAMERAMAN. THE DIRECTOR STANDS NEXT TO HIM, SURROUNDED BY BAWDRY, PEDRO AND HIS HENCHMEN.

DIRECTOR: (DRESSED IN RIDING HABIT) Now listen, fellows. I don't want any stalling. This is the first "A" picture we've ever made and we've got over twelve hundred dollars invested so far. We're gonna give 'em more action than they had in "Union Pacific" and a bigger production than they had in "Dodge City." Where are all the extras?

MAN: (ENTERS WITH WOMAN) Here we are!

DIRECTOR: Good. Take your places. We'll do the gambling scene first. (MAN AND WOMAN SIT AT TABLE LEFT OF BAR. BAWDRY AND MEXICANS SIT AT OPPOSITE TABLE, WITH BAWDRY AT LEFT. DIRECTOR TALKS TO THEM AS THEY BRING OUT A DECK OF CARDS. ONE OF THE MEXICANS DEALS THEM OUT) Remember, in the fight scene, I want plenty of action. Camera! Roll 'em! Action! (MEN AT TABLE PICK UP THEIR CARDS. PEDRO DROPS ONE ON THE FLOOR AND SUBSTITUTES IT WITH A CARD THAT HE PULLS FROM HIS BOOT. BAWDRY CATCHES HIM)

BAWDRY: (JUMPING UP) Hold on there, Pedro. I caught you cheating that time!

PEDRO: What! I wuz cheating?

BAWDRY: (DEFIANTLY) Yeah!

PEDRO: (PULLING GUN) Ah! So you look for trouble, eh? (HE DUMPS THE TABLE OVER) Give it to him, boys! (MEN GET INTO A FIGHTING POSITION. ONE HAS HIS LEG UP, READY TO KICK. ONE RUNS TO BAR AND GRABS A BOTTLE. THE THIRD RAISES HIS HAND TO PUNCH. PEDRO HOLDS HIS GUN BUTT READY TO STRIKE. BAWDRY HAS HIS MITTS UP)

DIRECTOR: Cut. Hold it! (THE MEN HOLD THEIR POSITIONS) Stand-in! (STAND-IN ENTERS, DRESSED EXACTLY LIKE BAWDRY, WHO STEPS OUT OF THE SCENE AND IS REPLACED BY STAND-IN) Action! (THE FIGHT STARTS AND THE FOUR MEN BEAT THE HECK OUT OF STAND-IN. THEY KNOCK HIM DOWN ON THE FLOOR, PICK HIM UP, BEAT HIM AGAIN, AND KNOCK HIM DOWN AGAIN) Cut! Print that! (MEN STOP FIGHTING. STAND-IN STAGGERS TO HIS FEET. HE HAS A BLACK EYE AND HIS CLOTHES ARE ALL MESSED. HE WALKS TO ONE SIDE. DIRECTOR RUNS OVER TO BAWDRY) Gene, that was terrific. Only one take. Boy, you're sensational!

BAWDRY: (NONCHALANTLY) Aw, that's all right.

DIRECTOR: OK, everybody. Get ready for the next scene. (STAND-IN SIDLES UP TO THE DIRECTOR AND STANDS SLIGHTLY IN BACK OF HIM) This is the scene where Bawdry is left to die of thirst on the burning desert, where Pedro left him. Give me the desert scene. (QUICKLY, THE BAR SCENE IS TURNED AROUND AND WE SEE A TYPICAL DESERT SCENE ON THE OTHER SIDE, WITH CACTUS, BARREN LAND, SKULL OF A COW, SNAKES, ETC.) OK. Places. (BAWDRY TAKES HIS PLACE IN FRONT OF DESERT SCENE) Give it everything you've got, Gene. (DIRECTOR STARTS TO WALK BACK, WHEN HE BUMPS INTO STAND-IN. DISGUSTEDLY, HE SHOVES HIM AWAY) Get out of here! (STAND-IN SITS DOWN ON A CHAIR IN THE BACK, FACING THE AUDIENCE) Camera. Roll 'em. Action!

BAWDRY: Water! Water! I've been on this desert for four days with nothing to drink. If I don't get some water to drink, I'll die. (BAWDRY LOOKS SKYWARD. (OVER THE DESERT SCENE APPEARS A MAN WITH A PAIL OF WATER, READY TO DROP IT) Water! Water! (MAN IS ABOUT TO POUR WATER ON BAWDRY)

DIRECTOR: Cut! Hold it! Stand-in! (BAWDRY STEPS OUT OF SCENE AND STAND-IN TAKES HIS PLACE, GAZING SKYWARD) Action! (MAN POURS WATER ALL OVER STAND-IN) Cut. That was sensational — colossal! (DIRECTOR STICKS OUT HIS HAND. STAND-IN, HAND OUTSTRETCHED, WALKS TOWARD HIM. DIRECTOR WALKS BY STAND-IN AND SHAKES HANDS WITH BAWDRY) Jimmy Fiddler'll give you four bells for that scene alone. (STAND-IN TAKES HIS PLACE BEHIND THE DIRECTOR AGAIN) Now we'll do the process shot, where Bawdry is walking on the burning desert and gets caught by Pedro and his gang. Places, everybody! (BAWDRY STEPS IN FRONT OF DESERT SCENE AGAIN. THERE IS A MAN ON EACH SIDE. DIRECTOR STARTS TO WALK BACK, AND AGAIN BUMPS INTO STAND-IN. HE DOESN'T EVEN LOOK BACK) Get out of here! (STAND-IN SITS DOWN) Camera. Roll 'em. Action! (BAWDRY GOES INTO ACTION. HE STANDS IN ONE PLACE, RAISING HIS FEET UP AND DOWN. THE MEN WHO ARE HOLDING THE SCENE PULL IT FROM SIDE TO SIDE, WHICH GIVES THE APPEARANCE OF BAWDRY WALKING. PEDRO AND HIS HENCHMEN ENTER FROM BEHIND THE SCENE)

PEDRO: Hello, Amigo. I leave you on the desert to die, but you refuse, eh?

BAWDRY: Yes. And I'll get even with you, you —

PEDRO: Shut up! (TO HIS MEN) To the shack! (THE MEN GRAB BAWDRY AND DRAG HIM OVER TO THE SHACK, AND MAKE BELIEVE THEY HAVE TIED HIM, BAWDRY STANDS WITH HANDS OUTSTRETCHED) Bring me my knives. (A MAN HANDS HIM A FEW LONG DAGGERS) What you got to say now?

BAWDRY: Throw and be damned! (PEDRO RAISES HIS KNIFE AND IS ABOUT TO THROW IT)

DIRECTOR: Cut! Hold it! Stand-in! (STAND-IN GETS OFF THE CHAIR, LOOKS AT DIRECTOR, HESITATINGLY. THEN HE CHANGES PLACES WITH BAWDRY. PEDRO SIMULATES THROWING KNIFE. AS HIS HAND GOES DOWN, A KNIFE APPEARS FROM THE PREPARED KNIFE BOARD NEXT TO STAND-IN'S LEFT EAR. PEDRO THROWS AGAIN AND KNIFE APPEARS OVER STAND-IN'S HEAD. PEDRO HOLDS UP THE KNIFE MENACINGLY)

PEDRO: This one I put right through your heart. (HE THROWS, AND THE KNIFE APPEARS BETWEEN STAND-IN'S THIGHS)

DIRECTOR: Cut! Congratulations! (STAND-IN, A BIT DAZED, STICKS HIS HAND OUT TO DIRECTOR, WHO WALKS OVER TO BAWDRY) Later, we'll take a closeup where the knife hits you right between the eyes. Now, we'll do the party scene. (STAND-IN GETS IN BACK OF THE DIRECTOR, WHO TALKS TO BAWDRY) You've escaped from the desert and you're coming to see your sweetheart, who is giving a party in your honor. Places, everybody! (THEY TAKE THEIR PLACES AT THE TABLE, ON WHICH IS SET A HUGE CAKE WITH PLENTY OF WHIPPED CREAM. DIRECTOR WALKS BACK AND BUMPS INTO STAND-IN) Get out o' here. (STAND-IN SITS DOWN AGAIN) Now, remember, Gene. You're very weak. Camera. Roll 'em. Action! (BAWDRY STAGGERS OVER TO THE TABLE AND SEES PEDRO AND HIS HENCHMEN)

BAWDRY: What are you doing here? Where's my sweetheart?

PEDRO: (LAUGHINGLY) You never find her again.

BAWDRY: You've taken away the girl I love.

PEDRO: Say, you pretty nice fellow. I think I going to give her to you.

BAWDRY: Are you really gonna give her to me?

PEDRO: Sure. I give her to you. (HE PICKS UP THE PIE AND IS ABOUT TO HIT BAWDRY IN THE FACE)

DIRECTOR: Cut! Hold it. (THEY ALL HOLD POSITIONS) Stand-in! (STAND-IN GETS UP SLOWLY FROM HIS CHAIR, LOOKS AT THE DIRECTOR, THEN TAKES BAWDRY'S PLACE) Action! (PEDRO HITS STAND-IN RIGHT IN THE FACE WITH THE PIE. STAND-IN STANDS THERE A SECOND) Cut. Cut. What a mistake — what a mistake we made!

BAWDRY: What's the matter?

DIRECTOR: This scene is supposed to be done in technicolor and we used a

lemon meringue pie. (HE SHOUTS OFFSTAGE) Get me a blueberry pie. (STAND-IN, WITH PIE-COVERED FACE, LOOKS TOWARD DIRECTOR. MAN ENTERS, CARRYING PIE. HE PLACES IT ON TABLE) Places, everybody! (THEY GET INTO POSITION, AS BEFORE) Overlap the last part of the dialogue. Roll 'em. Action!

PEDRO: Sure, I give her to you. (HE RAISES PIE)

DIRECTOR: Cut! Hold it! Stand-in! (STAND-IN, STILL COVERED WITH PIE, ENTERS SCENE) Action! (PEDRO HITS HIM IN THE FACE WITH THE BLUEBERRY PIE) Cut. Beautiful! Beautiful! You were terrific. (STAND-IN, ALL COVERED WITH PIE, EXTENDS HIS HAND AND WALKS RIGHT UP TO THE CAMERA AND SHAKES HANDS WITH IT. DIRECTOR TALKS TO GENE) Now, the next scene is the high light of the picture. Give it the old Bawdry touch and you'll double your fan mail and triple your salary.

BAWDRY: What's the scene?

DIRECTOR: This is the scene where you're buried alive! (STAND-IN ALMOST CHOKES ON THE LAST SPEECH) Bring on the box. Places, everybody! (MEN CARRY ON THE BOX) Camera. Roll 'em. Action!

PEDRO: (TO BAWDRY) Now I fix you and you never come back. (THE MEN GRAB BAWDRY. AD LIB VOICES. THEY START TO PLACE HIM IN THE BOX)

DIRECTOR: Cut! Hold it! Stand-in! (STAND-IN CHANGES PLACES WITH BAWDRY. HE LIES DOWN IN BOX)

PEDRO: All right, boys. Lock him up tight. (THEY CLOSE THE LID AND SNAP SHUT THE LOCKS ON EITHER END OF THE BOX) He never get out from there. Now, we bury him. (THEY ARE ABOUT TO LIFT BOX, WHEN A WHISTLE IS HEARD FROM OFFSTAGE)

DIRECTOR: OK, everybody! Lunch. (EVERYBODY TURNS TO LEAVE, WHEN BAWDRY TURNS TO DIRECTOR)

BAWDRY: Hey, how about the stand-in?

DIRECTOR: (SNAPS HIS FINGERS) Holy Smoke! I almost forgot about him. (HE RUSHES TO THE BOX) Hey! (HE RAPS ON THE BOX A COUPLE OF TIMES) Take an hour for lunch.

BLACKOUT

* * * * *

HORROR MAN

by Mort Lewis

CHARACTERS: PRIVATE BROWN
MAN, in civilian clothes
PRIVATE JONES
PRIVATE GREEN
TOP SERGEANT

SCENE: ANY ARMY POST.

PVT. BROWN: (ENTERS WITH MAN IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES. ADDRESSES HIM) Gee, Mr. Karloff, it certainly is nice of you to visit our camp. (BASE OR HOSPITAL. THEN TO THREE SOLDIERS WHO ENTER WITH GAS MASKS — ONE OF THEM WEARS TOP SERGEANT STRIPES) Hey, fellows, Boris Karloff, the great movie actor who frightens everybody in pictures is visiting our camp. Here he is. (TO MAN IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES) Mr. Karloff, meet Private Jones.

PVT. JONES: (LIFTING HIS GAS MASK) How do you do, Mr. Karloff. (THEY SHAKE HANDS)

PVT. BROWN: Now, Mr. Karloff, I want you to meet Private Green.

PVT. GREEN: (RAISING MASK) How do you do, Mr. Karloff. (THEY SHAKE HANDS)

PVT. BROWN: Now, I want you to meet my top sergeant. (TOP SERGEANT RAISES GAS MASK. KARLOFF, MAN IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES, GIVES AN UNEARTHLY SCREAM OF HORROR AND FAINTS)

BLACKOUT

* * * * *

SURE THING

CHARACTERS: JOE
MOE

SCENE: IN FRONT OF CURTAIN.

JOE: (ENTERS RIGHT AS MOE ENTERS LEFT. THEY PASS EACH OTHER IN CENTER AND JOE SPEAKS) I'm going to the race track.

MOE: Goodbye.

JOE: Wait a minute. Where are you going?

MOE: To a wedding.

JOE: Who's getting married?

MOE: I don't know. I'm going for the dinner.

JOE: Well, why so downhearted?

MOE: I'm not downhearted. I'm happy.

JOE: Well, what is the cause of all the joy?

MOE: I'm a papa.

JOE: You're a papa?

MOE: Uh---huh.

JOE: Allow me to congratulate you. When did it happen?

MOE: Last night. And when the doctor brought me the news, I fainted dead away.

JOE: Well, did the doctor revive you?

MOE: Says which?

JOE: Did the doctor revive you? Did he bring you to?

MOE: No. He brought me three.

JOE: What? Triplets?

MOE: Well, two of them came by the stork and one by express.

JOE: That was some birth.

MOE: That wasn't a birth. It was a whole section.

JOE: Are these the children of your first wife?

MOE: Well, they are and they aren't.

JOE: What do you mean, they are and they aren't?

MOE: Well, you see, I had two children by my first wife's second husband, and my wife had four children by her first husband's second wife, and this is the first time we had children together.

JOE: Oh, let's change the subject. Tell me, have you travelled any?

MOE: Been all over the world.

JOE: I presume you have crossed the ocean several times?

MOE: Oh, at least eight or ten times.

JOE: Well, on your last trip across, did you have a weak stomach?

MOE: Weak stomach nothing. I threw it as far as the next one.

JOE: Have you been to France?

MOE: Yes.

JOE: Italy?

MOE: I should say so.

JOE: While in Italy, did you touch Florence?

MOE: No. But I got four dollars from Mabel.

JOE: Did you visit Rome?

MOE: Oh, boy! I roamed all over the place!

JOE: While in Rome, did you see the ruins?

MOE: Ruins, heck! I married one of them!

JOE: Well, sorry! (LOOKING AT WATCH) I've got to go now, before I miss a sure bet.

MOE: There's no such thing as a sure bet.

JOE: Is that so? Well, I'm betting on a horse that's starting at 20 to 1, and I can't lose!

MOE: What do you mean, you can't lose?

JOE: I can't lose! The horse is starting at 20 to 1, and the race don't start till one!

BLACKOUT

* * * * *

FIGHT

CHARACTERS: PRIVATE JONES
PRIVATE SWANSEN

SCENE: IN THE BARRACKS. JONES IS ONSTAGE. SWANSEN ENTERS WITH HEAD BANDAGED AND KETCHUP ON FACE TO SIMULATE BLOOD. HE IS LAUGHING UP-ROARIOUSLY.

SWANSEN: (LAUGHING) Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!

JONES: (BEWILDERED) What's the joke?

SWANSEN: (STILL LAUGHING) Ha! Ha! I was in the PX when the first sergeant walked up to me and socked me in the eye. Ha! Ha! And he says, "Take that, you lousy company clerk!"

JONES: (INDIGNANT) Well of all the ---

SWANSEN: (INTERRUPTING, STILL LAUGHING HILARIOUSLY) Ha! Ha! Wait a minute. Then he punches me in the nose and says, "And here's something else for you, you lousy company clerk!" (CANNOT RESTRAIN HIS GLEE) Ho! Ho!

JONES: Well, what's so funny about that?

SWANSEN: I'm not the company clerk! I'm the mail orderly!

BLACKOUT

* * * * *

ASPARAGUS ON ICE CREAM

by Pvt. David L. Jeffreys

CHARACTERS: CHESTER, private first class
LEONARD, private

SCENE: A HOT AUGUST AFTERNOON IN THE YEAR 1951. LEONARD AND CHESTER ARE TO BE DISCHARGED FROM THE ARMY IN A FEW HOURS AND THEY ARE NOW IN THEIR BARRACK, LOOKING OVER THE CLOTHING AND EQUIPMENT WHICH THEY WILL TURN IN. THE BARRACK IS JUST LIKE ANY OTHER BARRACK --- BUNKS, CLOTHING RACKS, ETC. CHESTER IS STANDING AT THE HEAD OF AN UPPER BUNK, TOYING WITH VARIOUS ARTICLES SCATTERED OVER HIS BED. LEONARD, WHO IS DOING THE SAME, IS SITTING AT THE FOOT OF THE LOWER BUNK. BOTH MEN ARE WEARING KHAKI, WITHOUT TIES.

CHESTER: I was just thinking, Leonard, old buddy. It's going to be pretty tough to leave this place tonight when we get those discharges, ain't it?

LEONARD: Yeah, I'm afraid so. (GAZES AROUND THE BARRACK) After eleven years, you sort of get attached to it. (TRIES ON HIS HELMET LINER)

CHESTER: (SCRATCHES HIS HEAD) Come to think of it, it is eleven years.

LEONARD: (PROUDLY RAISES HIS HEAD) First and only thing I ever volunteered for. There ain't another like me. I still remember the day the colonel gave me that medal. There they were --- (DESCRIBES SEMI-CIRCLE WITH HIS RIGHT ARM) --- the whole regiment on parade, all for me. (POINTS TO HIMSELF) Not one gig in eleven years.

CHESTER: (ENTHUSIASTICALLY) And the general himself complimented you!

LEONARD: (STICKING OUT HIS CHEST) But would I desert my post when he asked me to go back to the Pentagon with him? Not me! Come to think of it, I'd be there yet if I would have went.

CHESTER: (PICKS UP CUP FROM BED AND SHOWS IT TO LEONARD) Look what I found. My old canteen cup. See the scars where coffee ate away the zinc coating. (POINTS TO SCARS) What a cup!

LEONARD: (STANDS AND HOLDS UP A PAIR OF DIRTY FATIGUES) These are as much yours as they are mine, Chester. These are the ones we had on that two-year bivouac. I wore them for a month, then you wore mine while I wore yours. Didn't it make you feel cleaner, alternating that way? (PUTS FATIGUES IN BARRACK BAG)

CHESTER: (SITS DOWN ON OTHER END OF LEONARD'S BUNK) We never have washed them. Sentiment, I guess.

LEONARD: (SITS DOWN AND PICKS UP AN EMPTY BARRACK BAG) I'd like to take a barrack bag with me.

CHESTER: (SCRATCHES HIS HEAD ONCE MORE) Say, they would be swell around a house. You wouldn't need no cupboards --- just keep everything in a bag. It all stays so neat and tidy.

LEONARD: (THROWS SOME UNDERWEAR IN BAG, DROPS IT ON FLOOR AND REACHES FOR HIS RIFLE, WHICH HAS BEEN LEANING AGAINST THE BED) This is a good piece, Chester. So light, so easy to clean, and no trouble at all to carry around.

CHESTER: (REACHES TO HIS UPPER BUNK AND PULLS DOWN A FULL FIELD PACK, WHICH HITS THE FLOOR WITH A THUD) Personally, buddy, I think this pack is about the best thing we own --- blankets, mess kit, tent. Wouldn't it be great to take on a picnic? (SLIPS INTO HARNESS AND PUTS PACK ON HIS BACK)

LEONARD: (TAKES GAS MASK OUT OF CARRIER) I know they won't let me take my gas mask along. This thing was so comfortable that I could even eat with it on. (SNIFFLES AND RUBS HIS NOSE WITH THE BACK OF HIS HAND) When was it we got these new masks?

CHESTER: (ONCE MORE SCRATCHING HIS HEAD) Let's see! I made Pfc when we

was serving the eighth stretch of the "and six months thereafter," so that means we got the masks back in '48, or close to it.

LEONARD: (THROWS SOME SHOES INTO THE BAG AND, AS HE DOES SO, HE COMES ACROSS A PAIR OF LEGGINGS) These leggings were a good fit, too. I used to lace them up tight and squeeze the bad blood out of my legs.

CHESTER: (TAKES OFF HIS GLASSES) Do you think they'll let me keep my GI glasses? I really do like them, even though they did dig holes in my nose and make me blind in the left eye. They saved my life when that MP hit me with his club. (LAUGHS) That old club just split right down the middle when it hit these frames. (TAPS FRAME AND PUTS GLASSES BACK ON. LEONARD TRIES TO SMILE, BUT THERE ARE TEARS IN HIS EYES AND HE SNIFFLES AGAIN AS HE SEARCHES FOR A HANDKERCHIEF. CHESTER PULLS HANDKERCHIEF FROM POCKET AND OFFERS IT TO LEONARD) Here, buddy, use my handkerchief.

LEONARD: (DRIES HIS TEARS, STANDS UP, AND PLACES HIS HAND ON CHESTER'S SHOULDER) Chester, I'm taking everything with me. (PLEADINGLY) I'll gladly pay twice the price if I can only have all my stuff. Are you with me?

CHESTER: (RISES AND SHAKES LEONARD'S HAND) I'm with you, buddy.

LEONARD: (SCRATCHES HIS HEAD) It will be awfully tough to get used to being a civilian again. Gosh, civilians can't make hospital corners like we do! And all the nice fellows you meet in the Army! (LAUGHS) And I'll bet civilians don't get asparagus on their ice cream, either!

CHESTER: (LOOKS TOWARD DOOR) Look, the CO just walked by! (CLUTCHES AT LEONARD'S ARM AND STARTS PULLING HIM TOWARD THE DOOR) Let's ask him if he'll tear up our discharge papers! (BOTH RUN TO DOOR. CHESTER STILL WEARS HIS PACK. LEONARD CLUTCHES A MESS KIT AND A PAIR OF LEGGINGS TO HIS CHEST)

LEONARD: (GAILY) We'll stay in forever! (SLAPS CHESTER ON THE BACK. THEY TURN TO GO AND WE SEE THEIR BACKS FOR THE FIRST TIME. STENCILLED ON THEM IS "SECTION 8")

BLACKOUT

* * * * *

COMPANY CLERK

CHARACTERS: FIRST SERGEANT
COMPANY CLERK

SCENE: ORDERLY ROOM. CLERK, A MEEK-LOOKING INDIVIDUAL WITH SPECTACLES, IS WORKING AT DESK. SERGEANT, TOUGH IN APPEARANCE AND SPEECH, SITS AT ANOTHER DESK, EVIDENTLY TROUBLED BY A PROBLEM.

SGT: (AFTER A FEW MOMENTS OF SILENCE) Terwilliger, put those papers down. I wanna talk to you.

CLERK: Yes, Sergeant.

SGT: (REFLECTIVELY) Look, Terwilliger. Six mont's ago, where wuz ya?

CLERK: Well, I ---

SGT: (AUTHORITATIVELY) Shaddap! I'll tell you. You wuz on a gun crew --- out on da range every day. Woikin' like a horse, sweatin' durin' the day, freezin' your teeth at night. So what did I do?

CLERK: You took me off the range and ---

SGT: And made ya company cloik. And will ya please have da coitesy to shaddap? All right, so I felt sorry for ya and made ya company cloik! So what happened? Da foist day ya screw up da mornin' report. Hm! Puttin' down da coinel as AWOL! But I didn't say nottin'.

CLERK: (APOLOGETICALLY) I never did it again.

SGT: (IGNORING THE INTERRUPTION) And four months ago, when da general comes in on inspection, you wuz a lulu. Ya don't call "Attention." I gets gigged 'cause da files is all cockeyed and da general sees dat his poisonal memorandum is bein' used for pen wipers. Day restrict me fa two weeks --- but I don't say nottin'.

CLERK. (QUESTIONINGLY) I shouldn't have done that, huh?

SGT: (WITH WHAT HE CONSIDERS EXTREME SARCASM) No, tootsie, ya shouldn't of. And two months ago I shoul da bopped ya out on your ear. Goin' to da PX --- only one block from here --- and takin' my jeep! And smashin' it to (SARCASTICALLY) teentsy, weentsy little pieces! I hadda make out a statement of charges --- but I didn't say nottin'.

CLERK: (HUMBLY) Yes, I was careless.

SGT: (GLARING) Yeah, you wuz. And last mont'! Imagine takin' da CO's pay check, indorsin' and cashin' it, and den losin' da dough in a crap game. (REPROVINGLY) Terwilliger, you shoul da known he wouldn't like dat.

CLERK: (APOLOGIZING) The dice were probably loaded.

SGT: But last night, Terwilliger, last night wuz da payoff. Goin' out with my goil, t'rowin' her a pitch dat I'm a heel --- and den you gettin' engaged to marry her.

CLERK: (EXPLAINING) Well, she's pretty.

SGT: (ROARING) Terwilliger, you're washed up. (THEN IN GRIM, WARNING TONE) Da next least little t'ing ya do --- back to da range ya go!

BLACKOUT

* * * * *

COME SEVEN!

CHARACTERS: AL
MIKE

SCENE: IN FRONT OF CURTAIN.

AL: (ENTERS WITH MIKE, ARGUING) I told you they would throw you out of there. They don't allow any men in there. That's the Y.W.C.A.

MIKE: Sure it's the Y.W.C.A. But they only have eight members, and half of them are men.

AL: There are thousands of members in the Y.W.C.A., and they are all women and young girls.

MIKE: And I say there are only eight members in the Y.W.C.A. and half of them are men. I seen it myself. I was in the office this morning.

AL: What did you see?

MIKE: They have two signs in there. One of them says "For Men" and the other one says "For Women." That's right, ain't it?

AL: They threw you out, didn't they?

MIKE: Well, I'll go somewhere else and spend my money

AL: You don't have to spend it. I'll shoot you for it.

MIKE: How can I spend it if you shoot me?

AL: I mean I'll shoot you dice.

MIKE: What's that?

AL: Didn't you ever shoot dice?

MIKE: No.

AL: Come here and I'll explain it to you. Here's a pair of dice. They have spots on them. The spots run from one to six on each dice — sometimes.

MIKE: What do you mean, sometimes?

AL: Oh, you'll find out. You take the dice and you chuckle them.

MIKE: What's that?

AL: You shake them in your hand; make a noise with them. Then you roll them on the floor. If you throw a four and a three — seven, five and two — seven, or a six and a one — seven, you win.

MIKE: Oh, that's easy.

AL: Sure, it's easy. But not with these dice.

MIKE: What did you say?

AL: I said that the game was nice. Then, if you throw a four, five, six, nine, or ten, that's your point. You must make the point before you throw a seven, or you lose.

MIKE: Oh, you can lose in this game?

AL: Heck, yes. You can lose. Then, if you throw cat's eyes —

MIKE: What's cat's eyes?

AL: That's two ones. You call that cat's eyes. That's the smallest thing on the dice, but it's the biggest thing in the world when you have your last dollar on it. You'll find out about that, too. If you throw two ones, or a two and a one, or box cars, you lose.

MIKE: Let me see if I understand. If you throw two ones, or a two and a one, you lose. And if you throw a freight train —

AL: Not a freight train. I said twelve. — two sixes — box cars.

MIKE: Oh, you got twelve box cars.

AL: No. That's what you call twelves — box cars. If you throw that, you lose. Do you understand now?

MIKE: Yes, I understand. Who plays first?

AL: We'll pee wee.

MIKE: We'll what?

AL: We'll pee wee.

MIKE: Who?

AL: You and me.

MIKE: Where?

AL: Here.

MIKE: Get out of here! What do you think I am?

AL: No. We each take a dice, and the one who throws the highest number plays first. See?

MIKE: Oh all right. (THEY EACH THROW A DICE AND MIKE WINS) I got the biggest one and I play first. Can you play for money?

AL: Sure, you can play for money.

MIKE: Just a little bit. Not much.

AL: Any amount you want.

MIKE: All right, I'll shoot ten bucks.

AL: Ten bucks? And you never shot dice before?

MIKE: No. I just watched the boys at the club shoot.

AL: And you want to shoot ten bucks?

MIKE: If that ain't enough, I'll shoot twenty bucks.

AL: I might as well take you now. Put it there.

MIKE: All right. (THEY BET) Six and one. That's seven. I believe I win.

AL: I know darn well you win.

MIKE: You want to play some more?

AL: Oh, yes, we're going to play some more. (THEY PUT UP MORE MONEY AND MIKE STARTS TO SHOOT) Wait a minute, you don't have to choke them dice. Give them air. They'll run all around here. They won't get lost.

MIKE: Five and two. That's seven. I believe I win again.

AL: Let me see them dice. What did you do, switch them on me? (EXAMINES DICE AND HANDS THEM BACK TO MIKE) No, they're my dice. But I don't understand all them sevens.

MIKE: Gonna play some more?

AL: You bet your life we're gonna play some more.

MIKE: (SHOOTS AGAIN) Six and five. That's eleven.

AL: Three straight games. Can you imagine that?

MIKE: Hey, you didn't tell me about that eleven.

AL: Oh, you don't know about that eleven?

MIKE: No, you didn't tell me about it.

AL: And you never shot dice before?

MIKE: No, I just watched the boys at the club shoot.

AL: Then I'll explain that eleven to you. You see, that eleven don't amount to much. That's the reason I didn't tell you about it. I'll let you shoot that over again.

MIKE: All right. (SHOOTS WITH BIG FLOURISH) Wham!

AL: Hey, what do you mean wham?

MIKE: That's the way they shoot down at the club.

AL: Cut out that club-house shooting. You whammed another seven on me.

MIKE: Did I? Well, get some money down there.

AL: You never shot dice before? I'm not so sure about that.

MIKE: (THROWS DICE) Baby needs a pair of shoes. (AL STOPS DICE) What did you stop the dice for? I had another seven there.

AL: You never shot dice before?

MIKE: No.

AL: Baby wants shoes! Wham! (HANDS DICE TO MIKE) Come on! Cackle them dice! Don't you P.K. them. (MIKE SHOOTS AGAIN AND THROWS A FOUR) Now you can wham.

MIKE: I got a four.

AL: That's the only four on them dice.

MIKE: What?

AL: Go ahead. Try to make it. (MIKE SHOOTS AND SEVENS OUT) See that? You louse! You had a point. Four was your point and you threw a seven. You missed out. Now it's my turn.

MIKE: What do I do now?

AL: Get on all that money. That's all you have to do. I'll show you some club-house shooting. When it comes to handling these dice, I'm a chiropractor.

MIKE: Well, go ahead! You got a good patient.

AL: Get ready for your first adjustment. Here they come! (THROWS DICE AND COMES OUT WITH ELEVEN) There it is — a big eleven!

MIKE: Yes, but that don't amount to much. I'll let you shoot that over again.

AL: And you never shot dice before?

MIKE: No, I never did.

AL: You're a darn good student. You ain't going to forget anything. Look out! I'm going to wham you, anyhow. (SHOOTS AND THROWS A FOUR)

MIKE: You got a four.

AL: That's little Joe.

MIKE: What's he doing here?

AL: Who?

MIKE: Joe.

AL: That's what you call a four.

MIKE: Oh, you've got names for them?

AL: Sure. Here they come! (HE THROWS A TWO AND A ONE --- THREE)

MIKE: You lose! You lose! Two and one --- three. You lose!

AL: That don't count now. I've got my point. Four is my point.

MIKE: You told me that if you threw a two and a one you lose. You threw a three. So you lose.

AL: Wait a minute. What did I throw the first time?

MIKE: Four.

AL: And what did I throw this time?

MIKE: Three.

AL: You can count. How much is four and three?

MIKE: Seven.

AL: There you are! I win.

MIKE: Oh --- you add them up?

AL: Sure, you add them up. That's a club-house shooting. Got on all of it. I'll show you how to win. (THROWS A FIVE) That's Phoebe.

MIKE: Who?

AL: Phoebe. That's what you call five.

MIKE: You got names for all of them. (AL THROWS OUT TWO ACES) You lose. You lose --- cat's eyes --- you lose!

AL: What did I throw the first time?

MIKE: Five.

AL: All right. What did I throw this time?

MIKE: Two.

AL: How much is five and two?

MIKE: Seven.

AL: There you are! I win again.

MIKE: Oh I see. You add them up.

AL: How are you going to get seven if you don't add them up? Take it all --- I don't want no change. (HE THROWS A SIX) That's an easy point. Three ways to make that --- four and two, five and one, or two threes. I'll make it the hard way for you. (HE THROWS AND MAKES A SIX)

MIKE: You lose. There's no argument now. You lose.

AL: I win. What do you mean I lose? That's my point.

MIKE: No, sir, you lose.

AL: Get out! I bucked my point. I made it. That's my point.

MIKE: Wait a minute. What did you throw the first time?

AL: Six.

MIKE: All right. What did you throw this time?

AL: Six. There it is.

MIKE: Six and six is twelve. Box cars --- you lose!

BLACKOUT

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ON TRIAL

CHARACTERS:	JUDGE	JOAN
	COP	FATHER
	DISTRICT ATTORNEY	MOTHER

SCENE: A COURTROOM.

DA: (PACING UP AND DOWN) I wonder where the judge is this morning?

COP: He should be here any minute. After all, you're the DA. You should know about him. Have you ever been up before this judge?

DA: I don't know. What time does the judge get up?

COP: How did he even become a judge?

DA: He was on the bench for years.

COP: What bench?

DA: The New York Yankee bench.

COP: Here he comes now.

JUDGE: (ENTERS) Good morning, all. (HE GOES TO BENCH, RAPS ON GAVEL SEVERAL TIMES, THEN TAKES OUT A NUT AND CRACKS IT WITH GAVEL) What's the first case on the calendar?

DA: Dippy Strickland, charged with murder for killing a crooner.

JUDGE: Case dismissed.

DA: What? You can't dismiss a case of murder.

JUDGE: Killing a crooner is no murder. It's a pleasure. Who is the first witness?

DA: Mr. Strickland's daughter, Joan Strickland, Your Honor.

JUDGE: (TO COP) Bring her in, you lazy bum!

COP: (TO JUDGE) You don't even know how to spell bum!

JUDGE: I do so. BM.

COP: See, I told you you don't know how to spell bum.

JUDGE: I left "u" out! (HE THROWS A SHOE AT COP) Now, get going!

FATHER: (AS COP GOES RIGHT, HE SLAPS TABLE) Stop! (COP FALLS ON HIS FACE) You can't bring my child into this chamber of horrors to be questioned by that gruesome district attorney! (POINTS TO DA)

JUDGE: (RAPS GAVEL AND SMACKS HIS FINGERS) Ouch! Just for that, bring her in! (COP GOES TO EXIT RIGHT AND WAITS)

FATHER: Judge, maybe you are a father?

JUDGE: Have you been reading my mail?

FATHER: Judge, Your Honor, you shall not bring my trusting child into this. Why, it would break my heart. She is a perfect angel, and every night when I

come home from work, she puts her arms around my neck and sprinkles my cheeks with the fairy-like kisses of childish kindness. (HE LAYS HIS HEAD ON THE JUDGE'S BENCH)

JUDGE: (TO COP) Bring her in. (COP MOTIONS OFFSTAGE AND JOAN ENTERS, LOOKING QUITE THE OPPOSITE OF WHAT FATHER DESCRIBED. SHE IS A HOT JITTERBUG LOOKER. SHE RUNS TO FATHER)

FATHER: (EMBRACING HER) My baby!

JUDGE: (MOTIONS HER TO STAND) Sit there. (JOAN DOES) Now, my little girl, (HE IS EYEING HER WOLFISHLY) I want you to tell me all you know about this horrible affair. Even though your father is a prisoner at the bar, you need not be afraid. You are just as safe here as you would be in your mother's arms. Now, little girl, speak right up and tell the judge your name.

JOAN: Joan Strickland, Circle 8-2576. (JUDGE FAINTS. DA FANS HIM. COURTROOM IS IN UPROAR. COP TAKES BOTTLE MARKED "RUM" AND PUTS IT TO JUDGE'S FACE. JUDGE REVIVES)

JUDGE: (TO FATHER) Is this your baby?

FATHER: My baby.

JUDGE: Well, take it from me, she's some baby! Have her kiss the Book of the Law.

JOAN: What? Me kiss that? I should say not! (TO COP) I'd rather kiss you!

COP: C'mon, let's play postoffice! (HE DROPS HIS CLUB)

JUDGE: Pick up your brains. (TO JOAN) Never mind kissing him. Kiss me. I'm the judge!

DA: Now, little girl, tell the judge your age.

JOAN: I'm just eight years old.

JUDGE: Proceed with the testimony.

JOAN: Well, Judge, it was just like this: The old lady gets wise that the old man was out on another booze jamboree. So she hikes out and trails him --- do you follow me?

JUDGE: Ten miles behind you.

DA: Is that all you know?

JOAN: Do you think I'm going tell you all I know?

DA: Witness dismissed.

JUDGE: Little girl, do you mind speaking a piece? One like you used to speak in the reformatory?

JOAN: Anything for you, Judgie! Especially after last night! (JUDGE POUNDS GAVEL WILDLY AS COURTROOM GOES INTO UPROAR)

FATHER: What do you mean, "Especially after last night"?

JOAN: That's the title of this little number:

This is the story of Shorty McGuire
Who ran thru the streets with his trousers on fire.
He ran to the doctor, nearly fainting with fright
When the doctor, he told him his end was in sight.

COP: (NEAR JOAN) Shoot a nickel.

JOAN: Out of the way, bum! (KNOCKS COP DOWN AND TAKES SEAT NEAR FATHER)

COP: (TO JUDGE) Nice girls you go out with!

JUDGE: Shuddup! Who is the next witness?

DA: Mrs. Strickland, the mother.

COP: (AT EXIT RIGHT) Mrs. Strickland! (ENTER MOTHER, VERY FLASHY WOMAN, WHO "MAE WESTS" TO THE STAND)

MOTHER: (AS JUDGE WHISTLES) Don't whistle at me, unless it's something by Brahms.

JUDGE: Oh, high class, eh? Would you mind telling me your name?

MOTHER: Yes, Judgie dear.

JUDGE: Oh, smother me with goose grease!

MOTHER: My name is Sunny, but everyone calls me Honey.

JUDGE: Spray my tonsils and call me soused! Now, madam, speak right up and tell me all you know about this case. (MOTHER SETTLING DOWN IN WITNESS STAND, CROSSES LEGS NOTICEABLY. JUDGE LEANS OVER TO SEE. COP LEANS OVER AND JUDGE HITS HIM ON THE HEAD WITH A BOOK. COP FALLS ON HIS FACE) Would you mind repeating that over again? I can't see a darn thing. (MOTHER UNCROSSES AND RE-CROSSES HER LEGS AS PHONE RINGS. JUDGE HAS EYES GLUED ON HER. PHONE KEEPS RINGING)

DA: Judge, the phone is ringing.

JUDGE: Well, choke it! (PICKS UP PHONE) This end is ready. Yes, dear, this is me. (HE KEEPS HIS EYES ON MOTHER) No, dear, I won't be home for supper. In fact, you better go to your mother's --- I may be up all night. I'm examining witnesses. (HANGS UP)

DA: Well, Judge, if you're going to examine the witness, what am I going to do?

JUDGE: What are you going to do when you address the jury?

DA: I'll plead for clemency.

JUDGE: Nothing doing. Let clemency get his own lawyer!

DA: Judge, you must be crazy!

JUDGE: We won't argue that here. (TO MOTHER) Have you a lawyer?

MOTHER: No. But I have some good friends on the jury.

JUDGE: So you accuse that man (POINTS TO FATHER) of murder, eh?

MOTHER: Yes, he killed the crooner who sang a song to me in a night club, in a rage of jealousy.

JUDGE: A crooner shouldn't sing in a rage of jealousy.

MOTHER: You don't understand.

JUDGE: Prisoner, come before the bar. (FATHER COMES FORWARD)

FATHER: Nothing can prove I killed him.

JUDGE: Is that so? Drink this! (HANDS FATHER BOTTLE. FATHER DRINKS)

FATHER: (AFTER HE DRINKS) Good! What is it?

JUDGE: It will make you tell only the truth! Guilty, or not?

FATHER: Yes! Yes! I confess I did it! I killed him! But I don't care!

JUDGE: Then I sentence you to hang — on Monday morning!

FATHER: Can't you hang me on Saturday?

JUDGE: Why don't you want to hang on Monday?

FATHER: It's a heck of a way to start off the week!

BLACKOUT

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RANK IS RANK

by Lt. F. N. Shelley, III

CHARACTERS: HELEN, an attractive civilian girl
JOE, a cocky little private
HERMAN, a master sergeant

SCENE: INTERIOR OF A CAFE OR RESTAURANT. AS SCENE OPENS, HELEN IS SITTING IMPATIENTLY AT A TABLE, OBVIOUSLY WAITING FOR SOMEONE. ENTER JOE WHO, NOT SEEING HELEN, HEADS ACROSS THE STAGE AS IF TOWARD THE BAR.

HELEN: Excuse me, have you got the time?

JOE: (ABSENTLY, STILL WALKING) Quarter of five. (HE DOES A BIG TAKE AS HE REALIZES PRETTY GIRL HAS ASKED HIM. HE WALKS OVER TO HER TABLE, BRANDISHING HIS WRIST WATCH WITH A FLOURISH) The time is exactly four forty-five and a half. (BY NOW HE HAS SEATED HIMSELF) Mind if I sit down?

HELEN: (ANNOYED, TURNS AWAY) Yes, I do. You'd better go away. I've got a date with a soldier.

JOE: You sure have, honey. (SETTLES HIMSELF CONFIDENTLY)

HELEN: Now, you better go away or you'll get into trouble with my date. He's a very important man in the Army. (IMPRESSIVELY) He's a sergeant.

JOE: (MOCK IMPRESSED) No kidding?

HELEN: That's right. He's got five stripes.

JOE: Five stripes! (SADLY) Why, you poor, innocent child! How did you happen to get mixed up with a bum like that?

HELEN: What are you talking about?

JOE: (CONFIDENTIALLY) Baby, I'm gonna let you in on an important military secret. (LOOKS AROUND CAREFULLY, THEN PUTS HIS ARM OVER HER CHAIR AND EDGES UP) I suppose this double-crosser told you that in the Army, the more stripes you get the better man you are?

HELEN: Of course he did!

JOE: Well, that's strictly malarkey. Lean a little closer. (SHE DOES SO, AND HIS ARM DROPS CASUALLY OVER HER SHOULDER) The fact is, it works exactly the opposite. Every time a GI puts on another stripe, it means he's that much more of a heel.

HELEN: Really?

JOE: Sure! Ask anybody. It's like being at school, see? Suppose you hit the teacher in the face with a spitball, what would she do?

HELEN: Give you a black mark.

JOE: Right. And it's the same thing in the Army. A fellow comes in with a clean slate --- no stripes at all --- like this. (SHOWS HIS ARM) After that, every time he gets into trouble, they slap another stripe on his arm. For instance, a guy sleeps through reveille --- vroom! (WITH AN EXTRAVAGANT GESTURE) One stripe! Then he goes AWOL for sixty days --- zoop! (ANOTHER GESTURE) Two stripes! Then, on top of that, he gets drunk and socks an MP right in the nose --- whap! (GESTURE) Three stripes!

HELEN: (DEEPLY SHOCKED) I can't believe it.

JOE: (SHRUGS) That's how it goes!

HELEN: But my Herman told me he got his stripes because of the T/O.

JOE: Sure! And do you know what T/O means?

HELEN: What?

JOE: Trouble-makers Only. Why, I'll bet that snake-in-the-grass is always boasting that he's a non-com.

HELEN: That's right.

JOE: Yes, but he doesn't tell you what non-com is short for. It's guys like me (GESTURING TO BARE ARM) who are the real soldiers. Look at this picture of me they took last month. (SHOWS HER SNAPSHOT)

HELEN: What's that great big "P" doing on your back?

JOE: That stands for "Perfect."

HELEN: Gosh! You're a perfect soldier, and Herman has five of those awful stripes. He must be a monster!

JOE: (PUTS HIS ARM AROUND HELEN AS SHE LEANS HER HEAD AGAINST HIS SHOULDER) There, there, sugar --- you're lucky you found out about him in time. (SNUGGLES HER CLOSE AS HERMAN ENTERS, WEARING MASTER SERGEANT STRIPES)

HELEN: (SEEING HERMAN, SPRINGS UP) Herman!

HERMAN: (BUOYANTLY) Hiya, honey! Look, I just got another stripe! (SHOWING HIS SLEEVE)

HELEN: (HORRIFIED, SHE COVERS HER FACE WITH HER HANDS AND SCREAMS) Ohh!

HERMAN: (PUZZLED) What's the matter, baby?

HELEN: You must have done something awful!

HERMAN: Hey, what's going on here? (NOTICING JOE, WHO HAS BEEN STANDING UNEASILY AT THE TABLE) Who's this guy?

HELEN: He's been telling me about you and your nasty old stripes, you --- you wolf in zebra's clothing!

HERMAN: (ADVANCING AS JOE RETREATS) He has, huh? I'll murder the bum! (HE TRIES TO GET TO JOE, WHO CIRCLES AROUND THE TABLE, KEEPING AWAY)

JOE: (AS HE DODGES) You see? He's a real criminal type.

HERMAN: (VAINLY MANEUVERING) Why, I'll break yuh in half!

JOE: (STILL DODGING) Just like I said --- a gangster! (HELEN, WHO HAS BEEN WATCHING THIS AGITATEDLY, QUICKLY TAKES OFF HER SHOE. AS HERMAN CLOSES IN ON JOE, SHE HITS HERMAN ON THE HEAD WITH HER SHOE. HE FALLS TO THE FLOOR. SHE LINKS ARMS WITH JOE, AND THEY START OFF)

HELEN: (TO THE STILL RECUMBENT HERMAN) You beast! You should be glad I did that to you.

HERMAN: (HOLDING HIS HEAD) Glad?

HELEN: (AS SHE AND JOE GO OFF) That's right. I stopped you from striking a superior officer!

BLACKOUT

ASSETS FOR THE MC

In this section you will find gags, bits, stories, monologues, and parodies. Although these are suggested as aids to the Master of Ceremonies, that does not obviate their use by other members of the cast who may need material.

As a matter of fact, by offering this material to soldiers who would like to be in the show but are a little leery about using their old material --- material that the men in the outfit are too familiar with --- you will encourage more participation. For example, if Corporal Doakes has been called upon to recite some humorous bit of verse or monologue at every function the outfit runs, both he and the audience will, in all probability, have grown a bit weary of it. Corporal Doakes, therefore, will be loath to perform.

Use these Assets for the Master of Ceremonies as fresheners for your old talent, as well as for the MC. Incidentally, the monologues may be put into dialogue form, if need be.

ASSETS FOR THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES

(Restricted to Army and Navy use exclusively)

The following Bits, Gags, and Stories are designed to assist the MC in putting over his part of the program. The Bits are always used in conjunction with a Stoooge. One or more Stoooges may be used to carry these out, and since they are easy to prepare, they may be slipped in quickly as time or space fillers. The Gags may find their way into the MC's regular monologue, or may be remembered when an occasion calls for a particular quip. The Stories are assets any time and may be built into the routine patter in in whatever way the MC sees fit. Always successful is the Stoooge-in-the-Audience idea. Any number of jokes may be put into this type of dialogue with great success.

BITS for MC and STOOGE

Stoooge enters to loud orchestra fanfare and begins to sing "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary." As soon as he has sung these words, the MC comes out, drags him Offstage, and a gunshot is immediately heard. The MC returns and says to the audience, "I showed him a short-cut!"

During the show, as the MC is introducing different acts, the Stoooge crosses the stage two or three times, interrupting the MC by calling loudly, "IS-MFT!" The last time he makes an appearance, he has on full field pack and helmet, and calls, "TS-POE!"

The Stoooge appears, walking jerkily. As he crosses, the MC asks, "What's the matter with you?" "Nothing," he replies. "I was hit on the head with a victrola but it didn't bother me --- it didn't bother me --- it didn't bother me --- ." And he exits.

The Stoooge enters with a large sheet of official-looking paper. He lays it down on the floor and begins to trample over it, back and forth. "What the devil are you doing?" asks the MC. "The CO told me to run over tomorrow's schedule!" he answers, picking up paper and hurrying off.

* * *

(ORCHESTRA BEGINS SONG. MC ENTERS RIGHT TO SING, AS STOOGE ENTERS LEFT)

MC: (STOPPING STOOGE, AS HE HURRIES ACROSS THE STAGE) Glad to meet you, I'm sure.

STOOGE: Sorry to know you, I'm positive. (EXITS INTO AUDIENCE)

MC: (TO AUDIENCE) I want to tell you a very funny story ---

STOOGE: (IN AUDIENCE) His corn is so low that the crows have to kneel.

MC: (TO AUDIENCE) I'll try and make friends with him so he'll stop heckling me. (TO STOOGE) Hello, Bill! You're looking rugged, as usual.

STOOGE: Hello, Joe. You're looking ragged, as usual.

MC: Don't be so smart! I'm going to make a lot of dough. I've just written a new song for the Army mules, "I Get a Kick Out of You."

STOOGE: You shouldn't write about your own family like that.

MC: Broadway knows me! Yes, I've been the toast of Broadway as recently as last year!

STOOGE: Last year you were the toast of Broadway, but today you are only a crumb!

MC: You're so dumb I bet you don't even know Ben Franklin discovered electricity.

STOOGE: But it was the guy who invented the meter who made all the dough.

MC: I don't want you as a friend, anyway! I want somebody who's had to fight for a living.

STOOGE: I've fought to live!

MC: Yes, but I want a winner!

GAGS FOR THE MC

MC: I went up to a very tough-looking sergeant --- and you know what to expect from a tough sergeant. If you don't, just think of his initials --- TS. Well, nothing scares me. I pulled myself up to my full four-feet-seven, and I says to this mountain of flesh --- of course, you must understand I was not in my right mind --- I says, says I, "Listen, bub! Ya know what I'd do, if you didn't have that uniform on?" So he turns to me, and in that melodious voice, he says --- he says (BELLOWING) "No! Just what would you do if I didn't have this uniform on?" And I says (IN A TINY LITTLE VOICE) "I'd throw a blanket around you, Sarge, it's terribly chilly!"

* * *

MC: (STARTS A SONG, AND THE ORCHESTRA FAILS TO KEEP UP WITH HIM. HE STOPS THEM AND SAYS) That orchestra might as well be in the guardhouse. They're always behind a few bars, anyway.

* * *

MC: (REFERRING TO A STOUT MEMBER OF THE AUDIENCE OR TROUPE) Some people say he looks like Van Johnson. I'd say he looks more like Johnson's van.

MC: (REFERRING TO A STOOGE, OR OTHER CHARACTER IN SHOW, OR TO NOISY DISTURBER IN AUDIENCE) He lives by his wits, which accounts for the half-starved look on his face.

* * *

MC: (SPEAKING OF SOME FROWSY, UNKEMPT-LOOKING CHARACTER) He looks outstanding. Like he's been outstanding under a drain pipe.

* * *

MC: Narrow-minded? I am not! I'm as thickheaded as anybody!

* * *

MC: (REFERRING TO A VERY THIN PERSON) You know how thin _____ is? Well, one day he was taking a vacation in Miami. That's where they have those beautiful birds, the flamingos. You'd hardly believe it, but a flamingo swooped down and picked him up and carried him home to her nest. One of the baby flamingos turned to another and said, "How do you like that? They're even rationing worms now!"

* * *

MC: He's at that awkward age --- too tall for keyholes, too short for transoms.

STORIES FOR THE MC

A soldier was sent by his company commander to a psychiatrist for examination before being recommended for a "section eight." During the examination, the psychiatrist asked him all the routine questions and the answers were all quite satisfactory. The soldier kept denying that anything was wrong with him. He said the only thing he thought they criticized him for was the fact that he liked fruit salad. "Why that's ridiculous," said the psychiatrist, "I'm crazy about fruit salad myself!" So he dismissed the soldier and decided to question the company commander further. On his way out, the grateful soldier called back and said, "By the way, Doc, drop over to the barracks some night for some of my fruit salad! I got two barrack bags full!"

* * *

An old farmer from an isolated spot in Kansas after four years of war finally realized that he should do something for the war effort, so he brings a large milk can down to the local bank and dumps the entire contents of coins and crumpled bills on the president's desk and says, "There, gentlemen. My entire life's savings! Nine thousand, eight hundred and sixty-two dollars and forty-three cents. I want to invest it all in war bonds and stamps to help our boys overseas." So, after several minutes of counting the money, one of the tellers says, "But, sir, there is only eight thousand, three hundred and ninety-two dollars and twenty-one cents here." The old farmer scratches his head and says, "Goldarnit, I brought the wrong can!"

* * *

Two little boys were talking during recess and a little girl walked by; so one of the boys said, "Her neck's dirty." And the other little kid said, "Her do? What her phone number?"

* * *

I went to work for the camouflage department but, never again! They dressed me up like a tree. I didn't mind when a fella and a girl carved their initials on my chest; I didn't mind when a bird made a nest in my hair. But when a couple of squirrels started putting nuts away in my ear for the winter, that was going too far.

* * *

A young couple got married and directly after the ceremony they left for a honeymoon trip through the states. When they arrived at a resort village in the mountains, they decided to stay a short while at the summer hotel there. Immediately after their arrival, they employed a hotel porter to look after their baggage, the bridegroom giving him instructions to remove all the labels from their trunks and to brush off the rice so that no one would know they were newlyweds. He tipped the porter generously, to insure against that worthy's letting the news leak out that they had just recently been married. Two or three days later, whenever the bride left her room she noticed that everyone rushed to get a view of her. She informed her husband of the guests' strange actions and he, feeling sure that the hotel porter had broken his word, called the porter to his room. "What does this mean, Mike? I told you to be very particular about not letting any of the guests here discover that we had just married. We have told no one. You were the only other person who knew. Now, how does it happen that everyone gapes at us as we pass, and all those old girls on the front porch are continually whispering whenever we appear?" "Honest to goodness," said the porter, "I didn't tell anybody at all that you were married. The fact is, I told 'em just the opposite. I told 'em you weren't married at all, but just good friends!"

* * *

Mark Twain once encountered a friend at the races who said, "I'm broke. I wish you'd buy me a ticket back to town." Twain said, "Well, I'm pretty broke myself, but I'll tell you what to do. You hide under my seat and I'll cover you with my legs." It was agreed, and Twain then went to the ticket office and bought two tickets. When the train was under way and the supposed stowaway was snug under the seat, the conductor came by and Twain gave him the two tickets. "Where is the other passenger?" asked the conductor. Twain tapped on his forehead and said in a loud voice, "That is my friend's ticket. He is a little eccentric and likes to ride under the seat."

MONOLOGUES

(Restricted to Army and Navy use exclusively)

Monologues are always good for a load of laughs. They can be used by the master of ceremonies, the comic, or some loquacious member of the cast who needs material.

Here are three suggestions on how to present your monologue:

1. Be introduced as a lecturer on the subject, and begin in a rather serious vein. Maintain this pose throughout, and throw off gags with a straight, solemn face.
2. Be introduced as a singer, and select a song that will tie in appropriately with the subject of the monologue. Sing, or fake singing, a few bars of the song, then launch into the monologue almost casually. When finished with the monologue, sing the last eight bars of the song, then exit.
3. Begin the monologue casually, and at the finish, wind up with eight bars of an appropriate song.

After memorizing a monologue, repeat it aloud several times to obtain the proper emphases and pauses in order that the gags may be most effective.

ANCESTRY

I was talking with one of the men who was sold to the idea that his family tree traced back to this town and to some phoney war lord. The next guy who tells me he's blue-blooded is going to get me sore! Everybody in this neck of the woods descends from a noble, or a count or a duke. Someday they're going to have to put up their dukes against mine. Too many people think that ancestry is important. One snooty soldier was boasting that a king touched his grandfather on the head with a sword and made him a duke. Well, that's nothing. Once an Indian hit my uncle on the head with a tomahawk and made him an angel. When people boast of their wonderful family tree, you'll usually find the crop is a failure. Naturally, we all sprang from animals. Some people didn't spring far enough. Some of the best blood people get is by transfusion. One fellow paid \$2000 to have his family tree looked up. Then he paid \$3000 to have it hushed up; which reminds me of the story of the two Americans visiting a museum and seeing an

Egyptian mummy with the inscription, BC 1188. "Well, what do you suppose that can mean?" asked one. "I dunno," replied the other, "unless it's the number of the car that hit him!"

I'll never forget that night in the barracks when one GI was trying to be a big shot on account of his ancestry. He turned to the fellow next to him and said, "One of my ancestors signed the Declaration of Independence." And the fellow next to him turned back and said, "And one of mine signed the Ten Commandments!"

A man with a peculiar background was the top kick of our company back in the states. One day the captain of our company dropped in our barracks unexpectedly, just when a bunch of us were going into town to see a circus. "We were going to see the monkeys," one of the GIs told him when the captain asked where we were headed for. So the top kick says, "Imagine him wantin' to go see the monkeys when the captain is here!" And by the way, that captain won a medal in France, but they couldn't give it to him. He was so ugly they couldn't find a French general who would kiss him. The captain also successfully defended a soldier on a murder charge. He proved that while the murder was being committed in town, the soldier was holding up the main PX.

Well, to conclude with a word about family trees, remember, a man who has nothing to boast of but his ancestry is like a potato --- the best thing belonging to him is underground.

ARTISTS

Today I got a letter from a pal of mine, discussing postwar plans. He's always wanted to be a plumber, and he's got a good start, too. Every time he goes into action he forgets his rifle. As for me, I want to do something creative --- like writing, maybe. Once I wrote a play. I called it "The Broken Leg" because it had such a large cast. I was very excited about it, and I brought it up to a big producer who said he only produced plays by well-known names. So I immediately changed mine to Smith.

After several discouraging successes in playwriting, I decided that poetry was more in my field. The grass always looks greener in the other guy's bard. It was that season I wrote the famous poem, "Thirty days hath September, April, June, and my uncle --- ." My uncle got his in court. He tried to be pleasant with the judge, and he said, "How are you this morning, Judge?" And the judge said, "Fine, fifty dollars!"

You would hardly believe that I once took a fling at art, too. My first attempt was a sketch of a decayed apple. It was rotten. When I first came into the Army I did a painting of my old outfit, but all you can see is the tents. They were transferred.

At one time I showed great promise in music. It's lucky I never carried out my promise. I was an organist. I gave it up when the monkey died! My sister used to play the violin, and the family made a fortune out

of it --- they bought up all the neighbors' houses at half price. We have a very musical family. My father was once awarded two medals. A small one for singing. And a big one for stopping.

When I was in high school I was a member of what was then known as a request orchestra. We played anything that was requested. Most of the time we were requested to play pinochle. I was never discouraged. At my first concert, they laughed when I sat down to play the piano. When they saw how tight my pants were they nearly split!

And now I am going to sing, "She Was Only the Band Leader's Daughter, But, Brother, She Could Swing It!" (GOES INTO SONG)

ROMANCE

I know a girl who's a real flirt. She even thinks the ocean is waving at her. Her sister is an old maid who rings fire alarms. Whenever the twenty firemen in the local department show up, she sends nineteen of 'em back. Now, when there's an alarm in that neighborhood, they send one guy on a bicycle, with a water pistol.

But I intend to remain a bachelor. A bachelor is a guy who never makes the same mistake once. I never expect to find the perfect girl, but it's lots of fun hunting. I thought I found the right girl recently. It was love at first sight --- until I took a second look.

What good is it being in love, anyway? Love is just the delusion that one woman differs from another. The only real romance I ever had was with Jenny. It was what sports fans would call a football romance. She was eighty-five years old and had named me in her will, and I was waiting for her to kick off.

The reason I never married was because of my cousin Herkimer's beef-stew romance. She was always beefing, and he was always stewed. Herkimer was a real lady-killer. One look at him and they dropped dead. But I'll never forget the one time I proposed. I said to her old man, "Sir, I have been going with your daughter for five years ---." And he sez, "So whattaya want? A pension?"

Hollywood is a funny place for romance. Brigham Young, the Mormon, preached that one marry several gals, and he established his GHQ in Utah. If he had gone west a couple of hundred miles more he'd probably still be in business. I believe in the Mormon idea, too. It breaks up the monogamy of marriage.

A friend of mine was engaged to a movie star. On the way to his wedding his car got stuck, and he sent her a wire saying, "Delayed a few hours. Don't marry anyone 'til I get there."

As for my cousin Herkimer, his second wife was supposed to be very nice. When Herkimer returns home late, the minute he gets in the house he gets his pipe, his slippers and pajamas, and if anything else is handy --- she lets him have that, too.

I always said, "Men, beware of the pitfalls of marriage!" And I leave you with this one great thought, said by the philosopher, Framesan, in the year 7, B.C. "Marriage is like a cafeteria. First, you pick out what looks good to you; then, you pay for it later."

SPORTS

I was out watching Captain (NAME OF POPULAR OFFICER) playing golf one day. Didn't know Captain _____ was a golf fan, did you? Now I suppose you want to know what kind of a game he plays. Well, at one point he turned to the caddy and said, "Say, caddy, why do you keep looking at your watch?" And the caddy says, "It ain't a watch, sir. It's a compass!" Later on in the game, the captain said, "Terrible links, caddy, terrible links!" "These ain't the links," says the caddy. "You got off them an hour ago!"

Well, things went from bad to worse between the caddy and the captain, and the captain threatened to knock the caddy's block off. "Aw, go on," the caddy said to me, "he wouldn't even know which club to use!" At last the captain blew up and said to the kid, "I'll report you to the caddy-master as soon as we get back!" And the kid said, "Huh! I don't have to start worryin' for ages!"

That reminds me of the time Major (ANOTHER POPULAR OFFICER) was on a hunting trip. One of the natives ran up to him excitedly and said, "Sahib, I saw a lot of tiger tracks about a mile north of here!" "Good!" the major said, "Which way is south?" But the truth of the matter is that the major is a baseball enthusiast. When he was in England, he invited a British officer to watch the troops play some baseball. The Englishman said he had heard it was a very dangerous game. "Heck, no! It's not a dangerous game at all!" the major told him. Well, they sit through the seventh inning when the major's guest turns to him and says, "What happened out there anyway? And the major says, "The corporal died on second!" "Died on second!" says the Englishman. "I told you it was a dangerous game!"

The best thing I overheard about officers interested in sports was when Lieutenant (NAME OF POPULAR BUT SHORT LIEUTENANT) went to a dance in town one night. He had played polo that afternoon, and wasn't very fit for dancing. As a partner he drew a tall, very statuesque gal, and Lieutenant _____ wasn't doing so hot. Finally he said to her, "I'm afraid I'm not dancing well this evening. As a matter of fact, I'm a little stiff --- from polo." And the tall, statuesque gal says with ice in her voice, "It's a matter of indifference to me where you are from!"

CROSSOVERS

(Restricted to Army and Navy use exclusively)

DANCING

STOOGES: (ENTERING) I hate dancing! Gee, I hate dancing!

MC: (SURPRISED) Why?

STOOGES: It's nothing but necking set to music.

MC: So what? What do you object to?

STOOGES: (LEERING) The music. (GIVES WOLF HOWL AS HE EXITS)

* * * * *

TRAIN WRECK

STOOGES: (ENTERING EXCITEDLY) Hey! Did you hear about the train wreck? Twenty-eight soldiers were hurt — one private and twenty-seven sergeants!

MC: Is that right?

STOOGES: Yep. (THEN SADLY) Gee, the poor private! (EXITS)

* * * * *

HAIRCUT

STOOGES: (ENTERING) You know, my uncle hasn't had a haircut in ten years.

MC: Is he eccentric?

STOOGES: (GAILY) Nope — bald. (EXITS)

* * * * *

GLASS EYE

STOOGES: (ENTERING) I just saw a beautiful gal --- but she had a glass eye.

MC: How do you know?

STOOGES: Oh, it just came out in the conversation. (EXITS)

* * * * *

SHAVE

STOOGES: (RUNNING OUT) You know something?

MC: What?

STOOGES: I shave forty or fifty times a day.

MC: Are you crazy?

STOOGES: No. I'm the barber. (EXITS)

* * * * *

SORE THROAT

MC: (TO STOOGES WHO ENTERS WEARING MOURNING BAND AROUND NECK) What's that around your neck?

STOOGES: A mourning band.

MC: I never heard of wearing a mourning band around the neck.

STOOGES: You never had an uncle who was hung. (EXITS)

* * * * *

LUNCH

STOOGES: (ENTERING ENTHUSIASTICALLY) What a lunch! What a lunch! Thousands of things to eat. Thousands!

MC: What did you have?

STOOGES: (GAILY) Beans. (EXITS)

* * * * *

FOOL

STOOGES: (ENTERING AND SHOUTING BELLIGERENTLY) Show me an MC and I'll show you a fool!

MC: I'm an MC.

STOOGES: (MEEKLY) I'm a fool. (EXITS)

* * * * *

SNORER

STOOGES: (ENTERING) Gee, I snore so loud that I wake myself up.

MC: (SYMPATHETICALLY) That's too bad. Isn't there anything you can do about it?

STOOGES: It doesn't bother me any more.

MC: How come?

STOOGES: I sleep in the next room. (EXITS)

* * * * *

EGGS

MC: (TO STOOGES WHO ENTERS GROANING AND HOLDING STOMACH WITH BOTH HANDS) What's the matter?

STOOGES: (STILL GROANING) Oh! Oh! I ate forty-nine eggs for breakfast.

MC: (SARCASTICALLY) Why didn't you eat another one and make it an even fifty?

STOOGES: (INDIGNANTLY) What do you think I am — a chow hound? (EXITS)

* * * * *

EARRINGS

MC: (TO STOOGES WHO ENTERS WEARING EARRINGS MADE OF THREE OR FOUR PAPER CLIPS) Hey, why are you wearing those earrings?

STOOGES: (GAILY) Oh, I just came from a clip joint. (EXITS)

* * * * *

CRAP GAME

STOOGES: (ENTERING) Say, your brother just lost \$400 in a crap game.

MC: So what?

STOOGES: Half the dough was yours.

MC: (EXCITED) I hope he drops dead!

STOOGES: (CALMLY) He did. (EXITS)

* * * * *

AGE

STOOGES: (ENTERING) You know, I'm over ninety-nine.

MC: (SCOFFING) You're crazy.

STOOGES: No kidding. As a matter of fact, I'm almost a hundred.

MC: (AMAZED) Who are you?

STOOGES: (COOLLY) A thermometer. (EXITS)

* * * * *

SERGEANT BROWN

STOOGES: (ENTERING) Are you Sergeant Brown?

MC: No.

STOOGES: Are you Sergeant Brown?

MC: I said, no!

STOOGES: There are two Sergeant Browns. I thought you might be the other one. (EXITS)

PARODIES

(Restricted to Army and Navy use exclusively)

WHEN YOU WERE A SERGEANT

Tune: When You Wore A Tulip

When you were a sergeant, a high-ranking sergeant,
And I was a Pfc.
We hit the city to find something pretty,
Something nice for you and me.
Life was so cheerful,
But we got too beerful
And we missed the reveille.
Now you're no longer a sergeant,
A high-ranking sergeant,
And I'm not a Pfc.

* * *

DON'T FENCE ME IN

MC: I happened to pass the girdle department of Macy's, and I overheard a rather heavy woman ordering a garment. I asked (NAME OF PERFORMER) to do a little number about it --- and here he is! (SEGUE --- MUSIC: "DON'T FENCE ME IN." PERFORMER, VERY STOUT SOLDIER, SHOULD WADDLE IN UNGRACEFULLY)

PERFORMER: Oh! Give me room for my hips and some ventilation, please
Don't fence me in.
Give me space for that place --- or I can't sit down with ease.
Don't fence me in
So my shape has a drape --- so I'm not so neat
I have given up just trying --- I admit defeat
Because I have a tapeworm --- and it likes to eat;
Don't fence me in.

Just make it loose --- let it straddle this ol' saddle
All this chokin' has to end.
Make sure you use --- lots of good elastic
'cause it's drastic when I got to bend.

Just lace it up --- to that place where the ridge commences;
I'm glad at last I've come to my senses.
Just let 'er spread --- 'cause I can't stand fences ---
Don't fence me in.

* * *

ALWAYS

MONOLOGUIST: No matter where you go, somebody's always following you. If it isn't the guy with the thirty-four inch step, it's the KP chaser, or the MPs or ARs, or bills. And, speaking of bills, I got a letter from the Finance Company this morning. Being a musical fellow, this is the way I answered 'em: (TAKES OUT LETTER AND READS) "Dewey, Cheatem and Howe, Finance Company; Dear Sirs: ---" (MUSIC: "ALWAYS")

I'll be paying you, always,
When those bills come due, always;
Wifie loves to shop,
Don't know when to stop;
Guess I'll blow my top
Always, always.

Work and slave all day, always,
You get all my pay, always;
Not for just an hour,
Not for just a day,
Not for just a year,
But, always.

Before I was married, I used to be able to hang on to my money. But now, it seems my wife is stronger than I am. Why, I used to have money to burn. Now, I can't even sift the ashes! I had saved up for a rainy day --- I got just enough to buy an umbrella! When we were married, my wife and I opened a joint account. I put the money in --- and she took it out! She thought a joint account was charging liquor at the local bar. I then opened up a checking account. The first week the checks came back marked "No account." The second week they came back marked "No bank." It's really all my wife's fault --- she charges everything, or else she just writes a check. She sent this note to a local grocer: "Dear Grocer: Please send a dozen eggs. If good, will send check." He wrote back: "Dear Madam: Please send check. If good, will send eggs." Things are so bad now, we can't even charge water! Every time I look in my wallet I get that empty feeling! My wife finally persuaded me to go to a finance company --- she listens to those radio programs: "Do you need money? No co-signers --- no credentials ---." Just leave your right arm! So I went down and had a heart-to-heart talk with them. In fact, I've been there ever since --- I had to take a job there in order to pay 'em off.

(Last 16 bars) Must I slave and work, always?
Guess I'll be a jerk, always.
When I rob a bank,
I'll have you to thank
When those chains will clank,
For always.

* * *

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

by Hy Zaret, William Stein, and Frank Loesser

Johnny was part of the Air Corps;
Frankie belonged to the WAC.
He took her up for a plane ride
And she parachuted back.
She loved that guy, but she was too GI.

Johnny went out on maneuvers;
Frankie was right there in step.
She said, "I don't mind maneuvers,
But your tactics ain't so hep!"
She loved that guy, but she was too GI.

Johnny took Frankie out drinking;
He started calling her "Dear,"
She had no reason to worry,
She was stronger than the beer.
She loved that guy, but she was too GI.

Frankie became a lieutenant;
Johnny made private first class.
That night the romance was over ----
He was so allergic to brass.
She loved that guy, but she was too GI.

Frankie went down to his mess hall;
They don't let officers in .
Frankie was barred from that mess hall,
So she couldn't mess with him.
She loved that guy, but she was too GI.

Frankie began to get worried,
Wearing the suit of a "Loot."
All she could get from her Johnny
Was a hot GI salute.
She loved that guy, but she was too GI.

One day the fighting was over;
Vict'ry was finally won.
Then they got married and soon learned
That the fight had just begun.
She loved that guy --- but she was still GI!

RUN FOR PRESIDENT

AN ELECTION QUIZ

The Quiz Show should be handled by a capable MC who not only has a fund of prepared stories ready, but who has a quick, improvisational wit, as well. The quiz must be carefully studied by the MC, so that he will know exactly where and when he may be prepared with a gag.

The MC must be careful not to embarrass any contestant, and a lot of kindly kidding will do the job. As soon as a contestant has failed, the MC should seat him quickly and get on with the next contestant.

QUIZ SHOW

(Restricted to Army and Navy use exclusively)

This Quiz Show can be used to best advantage on or near a holiday. It should, however, provide good fun at any time of the year. It will cater to any concealed political ambitions of the contestants by promoting them on the political ladder with the correct answers to questions. Of course, theoretical promotions in any field will never satisfy a GI, so it is suggested that each promotion be accompanied by a more tangible gift.

We suggest that the Quiz be conducted along the following lines: Select ten contestants from the audience. Explain to the audience that each contestant will be asked seven questions; if he answers the first one correctly, he becomes Mayor of his city and receives two cigarettes. A correct answer to the second question makes him Lieutenant Governor of his state and gives him four cigarettes. The following scale is recommended:

1st question	----- Mayor -----	2 cigarettes
2nd "	----- Lt. Governor -----	4 "
3rd "	----- Governor -----	6 "
4th "	----- United States Senator -----	8 "
5th "	----- Secretary of War -----	10 "
6th "	----- Vice-President -----	12 "
7th "	----- President of the United States -	20 "

Of course, you may end with a few Presidents; but, since this is a democracy, let's give them all a break --- you can get them to share the presidential duties, if not their cigarettes.

In order to follow through with democratic principles, an attempt has been made to give the contestants equal opportunities to rise politically. The first question asked of each contestant is a gag which answers itself --- so that even though he misses later on, he will retire with the satisfaction of having had a brief term as Mayor. All second questions relate to the first names of Presidents; the third, to famous battles; the fourth, to well-known quotations of Americans; the fifth, to nicknames of famous Americans or institutions; the sixth, to well-known patriotic or military songs, and all seventh questions test the contestants on eventful dates in American history. Therefore, no contestant will be eliminated with the resentful feeling that his questions were tougher than those put to his political opponents.

Open the polls, close the saloons, and mark the ballots fairly. The Election Quiz is on!

CONTESTANT #1

1. QUES: What two countries participated in the Spanish-American War?
ANS: Spain and the United States.
 2. QUES: What was the first name of President Coolidge?
ANS: Calvin.
 3. QUES: In what war was the Battle of the Marne fought?
ANS: World War One.
 4. QUES: What famous American said, "I have but one life to give for my country"?
ANS: Nathan Hale.
 5. QUES: What famous American bore the nickname of "Honest Abe"?
ANS: Abraham Lincoln.
 6. QUES: What patriotic song was written by George M. Cohan?
ANS: "Over There."
 7. QUES: What noteworthy event in the history of this country occurred on January 1, 1863?
ANS: Slavery was abolished by Abraham Lincoln with the issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation.
-

CONTESTANT #2

1. QUES: What famous American is buried in Grant's Tomb?
ANS: Ulysses S. Grant.
2. QUES: What was the first name of President Harding?
ANS: Warren.
3. QUES: In what war was the Battle of Manila fought?
ANS: Spanish-American War.
4. QUES: What famous American said, "Give me liberty or give me death"?
ANS: Patrick Henry.
5. QUES: What famous American was known as "Old Hickory"?
ANS: Andrew Jackson.
6. QUES: What famous song originated in the Revolutionary War?
ANS: "Yankee Doodle."
7. QUES: What noteworthy event in the history of this country occurred on March 4, 1933?
ANS: Franklin D. Roosevelt was inaugurated as President of the United States.

CONTESTANT #3

1. QUES: What famous American delivered Lincoln's Gettysburg Address?
ANS: Abraham Lincoln.
2. QUES: What was the first name of President Cleveland?
ANS: Grover.
3. QUES: In what war was the Battle of Bunker Hill fought?
ANS: Revolutionary War.
4. QUES: What famous American said, "We have nothing to fear but fear itself"?
ANS: Franklin D. Roosevelt, in his first speech as President of the United States.
5. QUES: By what other name is the Civil War known?
ANS: The War Between the States.
6. QUES: What patriotic song was written by Irving Berlin?
ANS: "God Bless America."
7. QUES: What event in the history of this country occurred in 1923?
ANS: President Harding died and Calvin Coolidge became President.

CONTESTANT #4

1. QUES: In what year did the War of 1812 start?
ANS: 1812.
2. QUES: What was the first name of President Jefferson?
ANS: Thomas.
3. QUES: In what war was the battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac fought?
ANS: Civil War.
4. QUES: What famous American said, "I do not choose to run"?
ANS: Calvin Coolidge.
5. QUES: By what name are the first Ten Amendments to the Federal Constitution known?
ANS: Bill of Rights.
6. QUES: What famous song was written by Francis S. Key?
ANS: "Star Spangled Banner."

7. QUES: What noteworthy event in the history of this country occurred on July 4, 1776?
ANS: The Declaration of Independence was signed.

CONTESTANT #5

1. QUES: In what year did the depression of 1929 occur?
ANS: 1929.
2. QUES: What was the first name of President Taft?
ANS: William.
3. QUES: In what war was the Battle of Yorktown fought?
ANS: Revolutionary War.
4. QUES: What famous American said, "The world must be made safe for democracy"?
ANS: Woodrow Wilson.
5. QUES: By what other name is the American flag known?
ANS: Old Glory.
6. QUES: What popular song originated in the Spanish-American War?
ANS: "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."
7. QUES: What event in the history of our country occurred on April 6, 1917?
ANS: The United States entered World War One against Germany.

CONTESTANT #6

1. QUES: What was the nickname of "Stonewall" Andrew Jackson?
ANS: Stonewall.
2. QUES: What was the first name of President Grant?
ANS: Ulysses.
3. QUES: In what war was the Battle of Chateau-Thierry fought?
ANS: World War One.
4. QUES: What famous American said, "You can fool all of the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time, but you can not fool all of the people all of the time."
ANS: Abraham Lincoln.
5. QUES: By what other name is the Supreme Law of the Land known?
ANS: The Federal Constitution.

6. QUES: What American song has exactly the same music as the British National Anthem, "God Save the King"?
ANS: "America."
7. QUES: What noteworthy event occurred on November 11, 1918?
ANS: An armistice was declared in World War One.
-

CONTESTANT #7

1. QUES: After what President was the city of Washington, D. C. named?
ANS: George Washington.
2. QUES: What was the first name of President Adams?
ANS: John.
3. QUES: In what war was the Battle of Gettysburg fought?
ANS: Civil War.
4. QUES: What famous American said, "One if by land --- two if by sea"?
ANS: Paul Revere.
5. QUES: By what other name is the President's Official Family known?
ANS: The Cabinet.
6. QUES: What patriotic song has a body of water in it's title?
ANS: "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."
7. QUES: What event in the history of our country occurred in the year 1620?
ANS: The Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts.
-

CONTESTANT #8

1. QUES: On what date is the Fourth of July always celebrated?
ANS: Fourth of July.
2. QUES: What was the first name of President Madison?
ANS: James.
3. QUES: In what war was the Battle of Guam fought?
ANS: World War Two.
4. QUES: What famous American said, "I cannot tell a lie"?
ANS: George Washington.

5. QUES: By what other name is the Nutmeg State known?
ANS: Connecticut.
6. QUES: What famous song of World War One is sung stuttering?
ANS: "K-K-K-Katie."
7. QUES: What famous event in American military history occurred in 1781?
ANS: The end of the Revolutionary War. Lord Cornwallis surrendered the British Army at Yorktown.

CONTESTANT #9

1. QUES: What famous horseman took the leading part in Paul Revere's Ride?
ANS: Paul Revere.
2. QUES: What was the first name of President Jackson?
ANS: Andrew.
3. QUES: In what war was the Battle of San Juan Hill fought?
ANS: Spanish-American War.
4. QUES: What American said, "Don't give up the ship"?
ANS: Commodore Perry, at the Battle of Lake Erie, in 1813.
5. QUES: By what other name is "Blood 'n' Guts" known?
ANS: General Patton.
6. QUES: What popular song of this war contains in its title a word without which wars could not be conducted?
ANS: "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition."
7. QUES: What tragic event in American history occurred on April 9, 1865?
ANS: The assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

CONTESTANT #10

1. QUES: What popular magazine is referred to in the quotation, "Give me liberty or give me death"?
ANS: Liberty.
2. QUES: What was the first name of President McKinley?
ANS: William.

3. QUES: In what war was the Battle of Bull Run fought?
ANS: Civil War.
4. QUES: What prominent American said, "Prosperity is just around the corner"?
ANS: Herbert Hoover.
5. QUES: By what other name was "The Happy Warrior" known?
ANS: Alfred E. Smith.
6. QUES: What was the rallying song of the South during the Civil War?
ANS: "Dixie."
7. QUES: What event in American History started in October, 1929 and continued for a number of years?
ANS: The depression.

* * * * *

QUIZ MASTER: Now that all our candidates for President have had a chance for the nomination, we are going to run the election! (TO CONTESTANTS) Don't think you're Presidents yet! You've still got to prove your ability to this great, democratic audience. And this is how you're going to do it: Each one of you will receive a paper and pencil. Write your name down on that paper as soon as you get it. After you've all done that, I'm going to ask you the Voter's Question. If you can answer that in thirty seconds, then you're elected! As soon as you hear the question, start writing down the answer. All right. Pass out the papers. (ASSISTANT DOES SO) Write down your names. (CONTESTANTS DO SO) Are you ready? Set? Then here's the Voter's Question:

QUES: What are the Four Freedoms, as stated in the Atlantic Charter?

You have thirty seconds!

(WHEN THE TIME HAS EXPIRED) Time's up! Let's collect the answers! (AFTER THE ANSWERS ARE COLLECTED, THE QUIZ MASTER READS THEM OFF, ONE AFTER ANOTHER, ANNOUNCING, AS HE COMES TO THEM, THOSE THAT ARE CORRECT. IF MORE THAN ONE ANSWER IS CORRECT, HE MAY QUIP ABOUT TOSSING A COIN FOR PRESIDENT, OR APPOINT ONE PRESIDENT OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN AND THE OTHER PRESIDENT OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN. IF PRIZES ARE TO BE AWARDED, HE DOES SO THEN)

ANSWER TO VOTER'S QUESTION:

1. Freedom from Want
2. Freedom from Fear
3. Freedom of Speech
4. Freedom of Worship

AN AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION SHOW

ESKIMO GIRL

(Restricted to Army and Navy use exclusively)

Whether used as part of a show or as a filler during another type of entertainment such as a jazz concert or quiz program, this audience participation sketch will bring the soldiers out front directly into the evening's fun. Those in charge of the sketch must familiarize themselves with all its ideas, so that there will be no delay in keeping the fun rolling along. Any pauses because of technical difficulties will not help the laughs. Just in case some hitch should occur, it is best to have one or two "Soap Commercials" with some local gag included to fill the spot. Something like this might be used:

"Flash. We have it on sworn testimony that Sergeant (SOME LOCAL NCO) uses "Asinine Soap" exclusively. This should be sufficient to discourage anybody from buying another cake."

THE ESKIMO GIRL

(An Audience Participation Script)

ANNOUNCER: Good evening, men! Tonight we have a red-hot idea that will come to boil only with the help of some talented members of the audience. First, we will choose a few exceptionally talented soldiers. This is how the selection is made: Before the program begins, my assistants will parade down the aisles and ask a couple of questions. If the person elected to answer them fails to come through with the correct reply, then he will be a major participant right up here on the stage. All right, assistants! (TWO ASSISTANTS COME OUT AND TAKE RUNNERS' STARTING POSITIONS) Ready! Set! (HE TAKES OUT PISTOL AND RAISES IT ALOFT. FIRES SEVERAL TIMES, BUT PISTOL FAILS TO GO OFF) Ready! Set! (SAME BUSINESS) Ready! Set! (HE RAISES PISTOL AND FIRES. SOUND OF MACHINE GUN OFFSTAGE AS PISTOL DOES A SERIES OF JERKY RECOILS, AS THOUGH IT WERE A TREMBLING MACHINE GUN. ASSISTANTS LEAP INTO AUDIENCE)

1ST ASSISTANT: I've got a contestant right here! What's your name, soldier? (SOLDIER ANSWERS) Right! You win a pack of _____ cigarettes!

2ND ASSISTANT: (IMMEDIATELY) I've got a soldier here! Here's a question submitted by Mrs. Elvira Squinch of Bellybutton, Texas. Soldier, Mrs. Squinch wants to know --- how high is up? (AS SOON AS HE DELIVERS THE QUESTION, THE ASSISTANT SAYS) I'm sorry! But that is absolutely incorrect. Will you please step up on the stage? (PICKING SOLDIER IN NEXT SEAT TO CONTESTANT) And you --- you who tried to help him by whispering the answer --- you go up onstage, too. (AS THEY GO, ASSISTANT STOPS SECOND SOLDIER) By the way, what was the answer?

1ST ASSISTANT: (IMMEDIATELY) Soldier, how many bricks are there in a stucco wall, seven feet high by seven feet wide by seven feet long? I'm sorry! There are no bricks in a stucco wall --- but you are stucco! On the stage, please! Take your buddy with you, too! He doesn't look as though he could answer any questions, anyway.

2ND ASSISTANT: I have a soldier here who has just asked me a question. I'm sorry, buddy, I don't know the answer. So will you please step up on the stage? Thank you!

1ST ASSISTANT: Soldier, just what do you think of the Army? I'm sorry! We can't accept that. Will you proceed to the front and select someone who thinks the same way you do to accompany you?

ANNOUNCER: Now --- let's see --- we have seven men. I guess that should do it. I forgot to tell you that we are going on a ghost-to-ghost hook-up with this famous radio program advertising "Asinine Soap." The audience will help the program by responding to the requests on these signs. (HE PICKS ONE OF THE SOLDIERS) Now, you will be the sound-man. My first assistant will hand you the signs and any other material you need to make the sounds. Follow the script and make them on the proper cue. (ASSISTANT HANDS HIM FIRST SIGN READING "APPLAUSE") Now, hold this up. (HE DOES) Come on, audience, applause! Now, will the assistants please hand the scripts to the various characters --- and what characters! The part you are playing is marked at the head of the script. You read all lines for that character --- and watch what you're doing! Remember, this is a ghost-to-ghost hook-up!

2ND ASSISTANT: Five seconds to go!

ANNOUNCER: Quiet, everybody! (SUDDENLY, HE POINTS HIS FINGER IN DIRECTION OF BAND, OR OF PHONOGRAPH. THEME SONG STRIKES UP, THEN FADES) Good afternoon (OR EVENING) ladies and gentlemen. This program is coming to you directly from _____, and every voice spoken here today is that of an American soldier! And in the audience are all --- GIs. Want to hear them? (SECOND ASSISTANT HANDS SOUND-MAN CARD. SOUND-MAN HOLDS IT UP. IT SAYS "RASPBERRY." ANNOUNCER, VERY EXCITED AND IN SOTTO VOCE) No! Wrong card! (SECOND ASSISTANT QUICKLY HANDS HIM ANOTHER CARD READING "CHEER LOUDLY." THEN HE HANDS HIM A CARD READING "QUIT." ANNOUNCER RESUMES) This program comes to you on a ghost-to-ghost hook-up, through the courtesy of Asinine Soap. Are your hands grimy, dirty, filthy, greasy, itchy, scabby oily, or just plain unclean? If so, buy a cake of Asinine Soap. Each cake comes with enough candles for your next birthday party, for which you better start washing now. Asinine Soap is known the world over for usually

making unclean hands disappear. The first woman to endorse Asinine Soap, Miss Venus De Milo, late Latin beauty, said (ONE OF THE CHARACTERS SINGS TO TUNE OF PEPSI COLA)

SINGER: Asinine Soap hits the spot.
Stuck my hands into a pot,
Dirt came off, revealing charms;
Washed too long and lost my arms!
Soapy soapy soapy --- soapy --- soapy soapy ---

ANNOUNCER: And now we're going to do a play written especially for this excellent all-soldier cast entitled, "The Eskimo Girl," or "A Tale of Frozen Assets." (HE POINTS TO ORCHESTRA, OR WHATEVER MUSIC IS USED, AS IT PLAYS THE OPENING THEME OF THE STORY) Our story begins on the trackless wastes of the North! The howling wind was beating into the faces of two companions --- (ASSISTANT GIVES SIGN TO SOUND-MAN, WHO HOLDS IT UP. IT READS, "HOWLING WIND --- NOT TOO LOUD." THEN HE GIVES SOUND-MAN ANOTHER SIGN WHICH READS, "QUIT") They had been walking guard at the North Pole for twenty-four hours. (CHARACTER ASSUMING ROLE OF FIRST EXPLORER BREAKS IN)

FIRST EXPLORER: (TO AUDIENCE) Think you got it tough, huh?

ANNOUNCER: (TO EXPLORER) Shh! Please only read your lines! (FROM SCRIPT)

FIRST EXPLORER: We've been walking twenty-four hours, and it beats me, but I don't see the camp any more.

SECOND EXPLORER: Well, it's lucky I was an explorer in civilian life. At least I know what to do.

FIRST EXPLORER: That's right! You were an explorer! You know what to do! Well. (PAUSE) What should we do?

SECOND EXPLORER: Let's try and find the camp! (MUSIC IN, THEN FADES)

ANNOUNCER: And so, for twenty-four hours more the intrepid explorers search in vain --- and, suddenly, a large white thing looms up. (ASSISTANT HANDS SOUND-MAN SIGN READING "LOUD WIND ---- FROM WEST." THEN SIGN READING "QUITS")

FIRST EXPLORER: Look! Civilization at last!

SECOND EXPLORER: What is it?

FIRST EXPLORER: An igloo, of course!

SECOND EXPLORER: If it's an igloo, where is it going?

FIRST EXPLORER: If it's going any place, I guess it isn't an igloo.

SECOND EXPLORER: If it isn't an igloo, what is it?

FIRST EXPLORER: If it's what I think it is, it's not an iceberg.

SECOND EXPLORER: It must be a polar bear!

FIRST EXPLORER: How can you tell?

SECOND EXPLORER: Listen! It's singing!

SOUND-MAN: Am-a-pola! That's what I am, I'm a polar --- (MUSIC PLAYS AS ASSISTANT GIVES SOUND-MAN SIGN, "HORSES' HOOFES." AFTER AUDIENCE RESPONDS, SOUND-MAN HOLDS UP SECOND SIGN WHICH READS, "ONLY ONE HORSE")

FIRST EXPLORER: It's lucky we made friends with this bear, so he let us ride on his back.

SECOND EXPLORER: He's the bear from the Jack Benny program. He quit when he heard Benny needed a fur coat.

FIRST EXPLORER: Got a match?

SECOND EXPLORER: What for?

FIRST EXPLORER: Want to burn this ice off my face.

SECOND EXPLORER: Try this lighter. It never fails. (SOUND-MAN HOLDS UP SIGN, READING "SNAP FINGERS")

FIRST EXPLORER: Ah! It's no darn good. I'll throw it away!

SECOND EXPLORER: You shouldn't have thrown that lighter away! There was still some gasoline left.

FIRST EXPLORER: What's this? Here it is! At last, a real igloo! Maybe we'll be able to borrow an axe and chop our way out of these ice suits. Well --- don't stand there. Knock on the door! (SOUND-MAN HOLDS UP SIGN READING, "KNOCK ON DOOR") What a little igloo! Only four feet high and four feet wide.

SECOND EXPLORER: Look! Someone's opening a piece of ice. (ASSISTANT GIVES SOUND-MAN SIGN READING, "LOUD NOISE OF PARTY GOING ON IN IGLOO." THEN ANOTHER SIGN, WHICH HE HOLDS UP, READING, "SMALL IGLOO. SMALL PARTY." AND A THIRD, READING, "THAT'S BETTER")

FIRST EXPLORER: Look! It's an Eskimo woman. (TO AUDIENCE) Do you know any Eskimo? (SOUND-MAN HOLDS UP SIGN "NO")

SECOND EXPLORER: I know some. I'll try. Goola goola, ishtamboola. Got no moolah, but feel so coolah, can we come in?

ESKIMO WOMAN: The place you're looking for is three igloos down, on Summer Street, between Hot and Cold.

FIRST EXPLORER: She speaks English!

ESKIMO WOMAN: Well, what do you think we are --- St. Bernards? Come in! (SOUND-MAN HOLDS UP SIGN, "DOOR CLOSING WITH A BANG")

SECOND EXPLORER: Oh, what a cozy little place!

ESKIMO WOMAN: We've been trying to get a larger circumference. Oh, here is my husband, Boola Boola. Give me a kiss, dear! (SOUND-MAN HOLDS UP SIGN, "ESKIMO KISS")

BOOLA: Welcome! Give me an axe, Aki-Saki. I would like to chop the ice off these two strangers. (SIGN HELD UP, "CHOP, CHOP, CHOP --- AND A DIG, DIG, DIG!")

BOOLA: Well, I'm beginning to see --- it's my old friend, Hardy Hale, the explorer!

SECOND EXPLORER: Boola! I haven't seen you since that hot night in King Gazunki's harem.

BOOLA: (ASIDE) Shh! Not in front of my wife! She doesn't like their cooking.

SECOND EXPLORER: Wake up, Boola! Don't you know we had a war with Germany?

BOOLA: I got the last news on the surrender a few weeks ago.

SECOND EXPLORER: You did?

BOOLA: Here's the paper to prove it. Look at that headline! "Kaiser Flees To Holland!"

SECOND EXPLORER: Listen, Boola, I want you to meet a friend of mine --- Wilbur Snoop. He's my buddy in the Navy.

ANNOUNCER: Army! Army!

SECOND EXPLORER: It says Navy here.

ANNOUNCER: (FRANTICALLY) It's a mistake. Continue! Continue!

SECOND EXPLORER: Wake up, Boola, we've been at war with Germany ---

ANNOUNCER: No! No! Don't go all the way back there!

SECOND EXPLORER: Well, what do ya want from me? I ain't no radio actor!

ANNOUNCER: Please! Please! Music! Music! (MUSIC VERY GARBLED AS STARTLED MUSICIANS ARE CAUGHT BY SURPRISE. ANNOUNCER RECOVERS FROM CONFUSION AND WAVES MUSIC OUT, THEN CONTINUES) Have you ever tried Asinine Soap? No? Unlucky you! Here's a hot weather suggestion for tomorrow. Go down to your local PX, trip up to the counter and say: One Asinine Soap sundae, please! Eat it! You'll bubble over with joy! You'll even froth at the mouth --- that's because it's a "chocolate frothted"! And now, to continue with our exciting, breath-taking story! (HE MOTIONS FOR MUSIC. MUSICIANS STRIKE UP, EXCITEDLY, AND ANNOUNCER GOES ON WITH THE STORY) Several hours later ---

ESKIMO WOMAN: I wonder what happened to our daughter, Hoola-Hoola? She should have been here hours ago!

BOOLA: Meantime, Aki-Saki, why don't you offer the gentlemen some ice water?

FIRST EXPLORER: Ice water? (SIGN HELD UP, "CHATTERING TEETH")

ESKIMO WOMAN: Yes. It's a terribly hot summer we're having. (SOUND-MAN HOLDS UP SIGN, "HOWLING WIND." THEN ANOTHER SIGN, "QUIT")

SECOND EXPLORER: If it's summer, what was that?

FIRST EXPLORER: Tell me, who builds these igloos?

BOOLA: My wife, Aki-Saki, freezes the igs, my daughter, Hoola-Hoola, mixes the gloo, and then the three of us gloo the igs together. But recently, I've had to borrow money on the igloo. I took out a mortgage --- and I can't pay it back! Hoola-Hoola is out right now, trying to plead with the mortgage holder, Serutan.

SERUTAN: (OFF MIKE) Never! Never! Never! Until youuuuuuuu are mine!

ESKIMO WOMAN: Oh, that's him now! The villain! And here is our daughter, Hoola-Hoola! (SIGN HELD UP, "WHISTLE AND CHEER THE HEROINE")

HOOLA: (COMING INTO MIKE) Oh, Mother, Father --- that villian, Serutan, is outside!

SERUTAN: Now I am inside! (VILLAINOUS LAUGHTER)

HOOLA: His laugh is like the laugh of a hundred jackasses! (ASSISTANT HOLDS UP SIGN READING, "HISS THE VILLAIN." THEN "QUIT --- HE'S ONLY A GI")

BOOLA: (TO SERUTAN) Serutan, you villain, I should like you to meet two explorers, Hardy Hale and Wilbur Snoop.

SERUTAN: (QUICKLY) Hello! (LOUDLY) Never, never, never --- until she is mine! (SIGN HELD UP, "BOO THE VILLAIN")

HOOLA: I won't! (SOUND-MAN HOLDS UP SIGN, "CHEER THE HEROINE")

SERUTAN: You will! (SOUND-MAN HOLDS UP SIGN, "BOO")

HOOLA: I won't! (SOUND-MAN HOLDS UP SIGN, "CHEER")

SERUTAN: I will! (SOUND-MAN HOLDS UP SIGN, "BOO")

HOOLA: You won't! (SOUND-MAN HOLDS UP SIGN, "CHEER")

SERUTAN: You shall! (SOUND-MAN HOLDS UP SIGN, "CHEER")

HOOLA: I will! (SOUND-MAN HOLDS UP SIGN, "BOO")

SERUTAN: You won't! (SOUND-MAN HOLDS UP SIGN READING, "WHAT THE HECK ARE

YOU DOING?")

ANNOUNCER: Wait! Wait! Don't read so fast! You're all mixed up!

SERUTAN: It's him, the dope --- she said ---

HOOLA: Who, me? I'm only reading what's here!

SERUTAN: Look at the script, you jerk!

ANNOUNCER: Please! Please! Music! Music! (HE WAVES TO THE ORCHESTRA, WHO COME IN VERY GARBLED, AS BEFORE) How will this tale of a family threatened by the cold of the north end? How? (SIGN HELD UP, "HOW?")

FIRST EXPLORER: Only by a miracle!

ANNOUNCER: Shh! That's not you! Only by a miracle!

FIRST EXPLORER: So what's the difference who says it? (ASSISTANT HOLDS SIGN UP IN FRONT OF EXPLORER, READING "QUIT")

ANNOUNCER: Yes --- a miracle! For, as this poor group stood fighting in the igloo, suddenly --- (ORCHESTRA LETS OUT WILD MUSIC)

HOOLA: I won't!

SERUTAN: You will!

HOOLA: I won't!

SERUTAN: You will!

BOOLA: Wait! Wait! Something is happening!

ESKIMO WOMAN: The igloo! What's happening to the igloo?

FIRST EXPLORER: It's starting to melt!

HOOLA: Ha ha ha ha ha ha!

SERUTAN: It's melting! My mortgage is melting! Help! Somebody get an ice hose!

HOOLA: Ha ha ha ha ha ha!

SERUTAN: What are you laughing at, you! Where will you live?

HOOLA: We'll freeze some igs and gloo 'em! Ha ha ha ha!

SERUTAN: (LEAVING MIKE) Defeated! Bah! Defeated! Bah! No girl, no igloo --- no money! I'm as happy as a lark on a spring day!

HOOLA: That's my line! I'm as happy as a lark on a spring day! Oh, what a miracle, to save us from the villain!

BOOLA: If I could only find out who did it! (SIGN HELD UP, "WHO? WHO? WHO?")

HOOLA: I would marry the man who melted the igloo!

SECOND EXPLORER: Then you will have to marry me!

HOOLA: You?

SECOND EXPLORER: Yes! It was my cigarette lighter that was thrown into a corner outside your igloo! That's what made it melt!

SOLDIER: *(SOMEONE NOT IN PLAY BEFORE RUSHES TO MIKE) No! No! You will have to marry me!

HOOLA: You? Who are you?

SOLDIER: I am the polar bear who lit the lighter! (ORCHESTRA PLAYS FINALE MUSIC, AND EACH MEMBER OF THE CAST HOLDS UP A SEPARATE SIGN ON EACH OF WHICH APPEARS A DIFFERENT WORD: "HISS," "CHEER," "WIND HOWLS," "APPLAUSE," AND SO FORTH, THE AUDIENCE PARTICIPATING ACCORDINGLY)

THE END

* (IF A SIMULATED POLAR BEAR COSTUME CAN BE OBTAINED, THE SOLDIER'S VOICE SHOULD COME FROM OFFSTAGE, AND THE BEAR SHOULD RUN ON WITH THE LAST LINE)

HAMS AT HEART

"A MUSICAL REVUE"

"Keep the show moving" is the key to any successful production, whether that show lasts half an hour or two hours and a half. An orchestra which has had several run-throughs, and is well cued for the show, is an immeasurable help in achieving pace.

"Hams at Heart" can be made into an extremely rapid, funny show when handled by an imaginative director. Use creative ideas in staging the sketches and musical numbers. A lot of excellent by-play can be injected into a number such as "The World's Oldest Private," for example.

And now — Keep the Show Moving!

A SOLDIER REVUE

(Restricted to Army and Navy use exclusively)

HAMS AT HEART

CHARACTERS: MASTER OF CEREMONIES DANCER
 FIRST MAN SINGER
 SECOND MAN
 THIRD MAN
 FOURTH MAN
 FIFTH MAN

SCENE: BARE STAGE. THE ORCHESTRA PLAYS AN OVERTURE MADE UP OF A MEDLEY OF SEVERAL POPULAR NUMBERS. FOLLOWING THIS, A FEW BARS OF ANY ARMY SONG TO BRING ON THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES.

MC: Howdy fellers! We've got a show for you tonight called, "Hams at Heart," or, to be brief, "She Was Only a Tank Man's Sweetheart." "But You Should Have Seen Her Turrets"! Which brings to my mind the fact that there's going to be a wedding in this area pretty soon between one of the tank drivers and a local chick. It's going to be a dollar and cents wedding --- he hasn't a dollar, and she hasn't any sense! Say, when I asked my girl's father if I could marry her, he acted just like a lamb. Honest, he said "Bah!" --- just like a lamb. (FROM BACKSTAGE VARIOUS VOICES ARE HEARD CRYING: "C'MON!" "LET'S GO!" "WE'RE READY!" "WE WANT TO GO ON!" "HURRY UP!" "MAKE IT SNAPPY, OUT THERE!") Oh, oh! I better get out of the way before I get the hook! Well, just one more story about --- (A HAND IS THRUST THROUGH CENTER OF CURTAIN AND CLAMPS OVER MC'S MOUTH, THEN AN ARM REACHES OUT AND ENCIRCLES HIS WAIST. TWO MORE HANDS APPEAR AND GRAB HIS ARMS, PULLING HIM THROUGH THE CURTAIN AS THE ORCHESTRA STRIKES UP THE OPENING NUMBER. THE CURTAINS OPEN REVEALING THE CAST IN LOOSE FORMATION, DRESSED IN VARIOUS OUTFITS SUCH AS: FATIGUES, CLASS "A's" --- OUTFITS THAT WOULD BE WORN BY COOKS, MEDICS, ETC. EACH MAN HAS HIS LEFT HAND ON THE NEXT MAN'S RIGHT SHOULDER, AND ALL ARE FACING SLIGHTLY TO THE LEFT. EACH MAN HOLDS A CANE OR STICK IN HIS RIGHT HAND)

1ST MAN: I never worked for Ziegfeld
 In the "Follies" on Broadway.

2ND MAN: I never was a leading man
 Along the "Great White Way";

3RD MAN: And I can't boast
A coast-to-coast
Tour, signed by RKO.

4TH MAN: I never danced,

5TH MAN: I never sang or starred in radio,

ALL: (DROPPING HANDS FROM SHOULDERS AND FACING FRONT, POINTING CANES AT AUDIENCE) But here's a secret --- we think you should know it,
And here's the best way we know how to show it: (CHANGING CANES, WHICH HAD BEEN HELD IN RIGHT HANDS, TO LEFT HANDS --- IN POSITION OF "PARADE REST." THEN PLACING RIGHT HANDS OVER HEARTS, BUT INSIDE JACKETS OR BLOUSES) We're hams at heart ---
We like to act!
We're hams at heart ---
And it's a fact
The footlights and the colored tights,
The scenery and rehearsal nights
Excite us and delight us. (HERE THE HANDS INSIDE COATS FLUTTER)
So we know we're in our rights to say --- (GRABBING LAPELS, OR PLACES ON JACKETS WHERE LAPELS WOULD BE, AND STEPPING FORWARD WITH RIGHT FEET) We're hams at heart!
We've got the bug ---
We're hams at heart! (RIGHT FEET BACK, CANES SWITCH TO RIGHT HANDS, AND THEY POINT WITH THEM TO THE MC WHO COMES ONSTAGE, RUNNING)

MC: I like to mug;
I am a bloke who tells a joke;
If no one laughs, it's okey-doke with me!

ALL: (WITH OUTSTRETCHED HANDS)
You see, we're hams at heart! (ALL HANDS DROP TO SIDES)

MC: (SPEAKING) On my way to the theatre last night, a very funny thing happened. (CAST GROANS) A bum comes up to me and says, "Soldier, I haven't had a bite for three days!" So I bit him! (ONE OF THE CAST IN BACK OF HIM SWATS HIM WITH A COTTON-STUFFED CLUB. HE DOES A FALL INTO THE ARMS OF THE LINE IN BACK OF HIM AS THE ORCHESTRA PLAYS A LOUD CHORD. THEN HE BOUNCES RIGHT BACK) Well, if you're looking for something lousy, this is it! (HE STEPS BACK QUICKLY INTO THE CENTER OF THE LINE)

ALL: (HANDS OUTSTRETCHED)
We're hams at heart! (LIMPLY, ALL HANDS DROP TO SIDES)

DANCER: (DOING A QUICK STEP)
I like to dance

SINGER: I like to sing about romance;
It's just because I like applause,
Your hisses, or your loud hurrahs.
I hit a note and strain my throat,
But that won't make me pause --- because ---

ALL: (HOLDING CANES IN BOTH HANDS, PARALLEL TO THE FLOOR)

We're hams at heart! (SINGER NOW STEPS FORWARD AND SINGS FOUR BARS OF ANY MELODY, CRACKS ON A HIGH NOTE, THEN, CLUTCHING HIS NECK, RETIRES INTO LINE AS DANCER COMES OUT. DANCER DOES A FEW STEPS, COVERING FOUR BARS OF MUSIC, WHEN CHORUS TRIPS HIM. MC GETS OUT OF LINE AND STARTS TO TELL A STORY, BUT ALL PULL HIM BACK. THIS ACTION ALL TAKES PLACE TO TWELVE BARS OF MUSIC ---- LAST HALF OF CHORUS. ALL FALL TO ONE KNEE, RAISING CANES OVER THEIR HEADS, IN BOTH HANDS)

You see, we're hams at heart! (ALL JUMP TO FEET AT WORD "HEART," AND CURTAIN CLOSES AS ORCHESTRA CONTINUES TO PLAY LOUDLY. MC STEPS OUT FRONT)

MC: You see what I mean, fellers! Everybody wants to act. Everybody wants to be another Hamlet!

STOOGES: (ENTERS) Not me!

MC: What do you mean, not you?

STOOGES: I want to sing. I want to sing like a bird!

MC: A vulture?

STOOGES: No. A "Wow" bird.

MC: A "Wow" bird! What's that?

STOOGES: A wow bird is a bird that can't seem to find a mate for a thousand years, but when he does ---- Wow!

MC: And, with that sweet thought, will you please make with the vocal chords? What would you like to sing this evening?

STOOGES: I'd like to sing the famous opera song from "Faust," that takes twenty minutes to deliver.

MC: That's what you'd like to sing, but you're going to sing "Night and Day," from Tin Pan Alley, and it takes three minutes to deliver!

STOOGES: (STAMPING OFF) Then I refuse to go on!

MC: Think you got me in a spot, eh? (TO ORCHESTRA LEADER) A little oriental music, Professor! (TO AUDIENCE) I am pleased to introduce that astonishing character, "The Frail With the Veil"! (AS THE SINGER ENTERS, THE MC, STRIKING THE ATTITUDE OF AN EGYPTIAN, EXITS. THE ORCHESTRA STRUMS ORIENTAL MUSIC AS THE SINGER APPEARS AND GOES INTO HIS SONG, "IT'S NOT THE VEIL, IT'S WHAT'S BEHIND IT," AN ORIENTAL COMEDY SONG AND MONOLOGUE)

VERSE:

The Oriental girlie
With her face in yards of veiling,
Never gives a guy a chance to see
Exactly what he's trailing.
But what's a guy supposed to do
To find out what he's getting?
It's worse than gambling at the track
With pari-mutuel betting.
It's true a veil lends oriental flavor,
But the odds are always in the girlie's favor!

CHORUS:

I started out to play a game
With some nice Oriental dame ---
I take romance where I can find it.
When everything was going fine,
She dropped the veil --- Eeeeeee --- Frankenstein!
It's not the veil --- it's what's behind it.

You couldn't say she had a face
'cause everything was out of place.
If love were blind, I wouldn't mind it.
She had a skin you love to touch;
I touched it once --- just once too much ---
It's not the veil --- it's what's behind it.

I've looked on streets and old bazaars,
Oases, and those dim-lit bars ---
I take romance where I can find it.
But now I know I'll never fail,
I'll say, "Please don't remove that veil";
It's not the veil --- it's what's behind it!

MONOLOGUE: I once went around with an Arabian dame. What a lovely creature! She fell right from Heaven --- on her face! When I looked at her, time stood still. That mug of hers would stop any clock. I asked her for her picture to wear over my heart --- I figured if it would stop a clock, it would stop a bullet! She had the kind of map only Rand and McNally could love! But I really shouldn't criticize her face --- they say all faces come from the same mold --- but hers was moldier! Every time I kissed her I closed my eyes --- I had to keep thinking of Betty Grable! I asked her when she took off her veil. She said only when she bathed. "Where do you bathe?" I asked. And she answered, "In the spring." I says, "I didn't ask you when --- I asked you where." She was a real Arabian lover --- everything she did was in tents --- and she should have always stayed there! Still, she had Dietrich's legs, Turner's figure, Hedy LaMarr's lips, and Mae West's nerve --- it was a bad assembly job. And what a nose! It shouldn't happen to an ant-eater! I called her laryngitis --- she sure was a pain in the neck! Why, even her face cream would curdle when she put it on!

TAG:

It's not the veil --- it's what's behind it
Oh! Lord, you made her face all wrong!

MC: (RETURNS, APPLAUDING SINGER. SINGER TAKES BOWS, THEN EXITS) Now, we Hams at Heart have prepared a stirring, horrible drama that has never failed to win applause from continent to continent, entitled "Murder, My Love!" (ORCHESTRA PLAYS A BRIEF SEGUE AS CURTAIN OPENS ON SKETCH)

* * * * *

MURDER, MY LOVE!

CHARACTERS: MESS SERGEANT
MESS SERGEANT'S WIFE
STAFF SERGEANT
MILITARY POLICEMAN
JUDGE ADVOCATE

SCENE: LIVING ROOM IN MESS SERGEANT'S HOME. AT RISE OF CURTAIN, MESS SERGEANT IS SEATED LEFT, READING A NEWSPAPER. HIS WIFE, SEATED RIGHT, IS SEWING.

WIFE: (AFTER A PAUSE) Oh, darling, to think we've been married for ten beautiful years!

M/SGT: (WITHOUT LOOKING UP) Yes, dear. Ten beautiful years! (THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR)

WIFE: (RISING) I'll go.

M/SGT: No, I'll go. (HE OPENS DOOR, AND THE STAFF SERGEANT ENTERS) Well, well! If it isn't Billy, my old side kick from West Point. Come in, Charley. Tom, this is my wife. Just a minute, Louie, I'll go out and make us a drink, Jack. (EXITS)

WIFE: You! I thought I sent you out of my life ten years ago!

S/SGT: I couldn't wait. I had to see you again. (S/SGT AND WIFE EMBRACE. M/SGT ENTERS)

M/SGT: (SHOOTS S/SGT) You dog, take that! (WIFE SCREAMS AS THE S/SGT FALLS TO THE FLOOR. THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR)

MP: (OUTSIDE DOOR) Open up there! (ENTERS) Ha! Looks like a murder done!

JA: (ENTERS) Murder? That's my business.

M/SGT: Who are you?

JA: I'm the judge advocate. (TO WIFE) Did you kill this man?

M/SGT: No. I did.

WIFE: Yes, he did. He did it to save my honor.

JA: Then no court-martial could ever convict you! (M/SGT AND WIFE EM-BRACE)

CURTAIN

1ST AUDIENCE PLANT: Bravo! Bravo!

2ND AUDIENCE PLANT: More! More! (THE CURTAIN IS PULLED OPEN RAPIDLY AS CHEERS AND APPLAUSE CONTINUE)

JA: (COMING DOWN TO EDGE OF STAGE) Thank you. Thank you. On behalf of my colleagues and myself, I should like to say that you are all wonderful. Oh yes, you are! And I see there is no other way to show our appreciation than to play our little show over again. (EVERYBODY BUT THE M/SGT AND THE WIFE RUN OFF. THE SKETCH IS PLAYED THROUGH EXACTLY AS BEFORE, INCLUDING THE CHEERS AND APPLAUSE AND THE JUDGE ADVOCATE'S CURTAIN SPEECH. IN ALL, THE SKETCH IS PLAYED FOUR TIMES, EACH TIME FASTER THAN THE LAST UNTIL THE THIRD REPETITION, WHICH IS PERFORMED SO RAPIDLY THAT THE DIALOGUE BECOMES GIBBERISH, AND AS THE JA MAKES HIS CURTAIN SPEECH FOR THE LAST TIME, " — NO OTHER WAY TO SHOW OUR APPRECIATION THAN TO PLAY OUR LITTLE SHOW OVER AGAIN," A THIRD AUDIENCE PLANT, GOING MAD, SCREAMS —)

3RD AUDIENCE PLANT: I can't stand it! I can't stand it! (PULLS GUN AND SHOOTS ACTORS)

FINAL CURTAIN

MC: (TO AUDIENCE STOOGES) Thanks a lot for applauding our little play. We sure appreciate it. And let me tell you, friends, that man is an old pal of mine. I'll never forget the cold, wintry day when we went skating together. There was nobody on the lake but us. Suddenly, the ice broke beneath me, and I plunged down, down into the freezing water. Without hesitation, he threw off his coat, his shoes, his jacket, and jumped in after me! What a pal!

STOOGES: (IN AUDIENCE) What do you mean, "What a pal!" You had my skates on!

MC: Isn't he a nice fellow? Just short of repulsive! But why talk about him when our specialty act is waiting. Let me introduce _____ (NAME OF PERFORMER) an ace at _____ (WHATEVER HIS SPECIALTY MAY BE: DANCING, JUGGLING, ETC. SPECIALTY SPOT HERE AFTER WHICH MC RETURNS AND LEADS APPLAUSE. AS PERFORMER EXITS, STOOGES ENTERS AND COMES CLOSE TO MC, STARING AT HIM. THE MC MAKES SEVERAL FALSE STARTS IN AN EFFORT TO ADDRESS THE AUDIENCE, THEN STOPS A MOMENT AND SAYS) I have a problem preying on my mind.

STOOGES: I didn't know there was enough room to kneel down. (EXITS QUICKLY)

MC: There goes a great friend of mine, too! When I was broke, he couldn't stand to see me starve — so he talked to me with his eyes closed! But now, here comes a real friend! In fact, I should say a real old friend. Just

how old he is, I'd rather have him tell you himself. Strike up the band!
(ORCHESTRA BEGINS "THE WORLD'S OLDEST PRIVATE " AS MC EXITS AND TRIO ENTERS)

THE WORLD'S OLDEST PRIVATE

(THIS IS A SINGING TRIO NUMBER. TWO TALL YOUNG MEN PLAY THE MASTER SER-GEANTS. A THIN MAN IN A PRIVATE'S UNIFORM, WEARING A VERY, VERY LONG BEARD, PLAYS THE WORLD'S OLDEST PRIVATE. HE CARRIES A GUN AND IS VERY WEAK-LOOKING AND STOOPED-OVER. ALL ENTER, MARCHING. THE MASTER SERGEANTS HOLD ON TO THE OLD MAN, AS HE ALMOST TOPPLES OVER. THEY GO TO STAGE CENTER AND SING)

1ST AND 2ND

MASTER SERGEANTS:

Listen to a story of a GI Joe,
A long and melancholy tale of woe.
If you think you have a right
And just complaint,
You ain't. Oh! No!

He's the world's oldest private
'cause he never made the grade.
He's got twenty-five grandchildren
Wearing bars and golden braid.
If you ask him when he joined up,
His poor mem'ry starts to fade.
He's the world's oldest private,
'cause he never made the grade.

(THEY MARCH AGAIN, LIKE "THE SPIRIT OF '76," THE PRIVATE COLLAPSING FROM WEAKNESS. PRIVATE SINGS IN A SQUEAKY VOICE)

PRIVATE:

I'm the world's oldest private
I was never on the spot
When they handed out those precious stripes;
Oh! Not a one I got.
On my chest are many ribbons,
But it never ever paid ---
I'm the world's oldest private,
'cause I never made the grade.

1ST MASTER SERGEANT: With the Rebels he first landed ---
Not a stripe to him was handed.

2ND MASTER SERGEANT: Saddling Paul Revere's old horse,
Forgot the reins on him, of course!

1ST MASTER SERGEANT: "With Washington at Valley Forge, he
Let the fires die," said Georgie.

2ND MASTER SERGEANT: He's the only man we've got
That Mr. Lincoln ordered shot.

1ST MASTER SERGEANT: He never made a PFC.

1ST AND 2ND

MASTER SERGEANTS:

The others raised their rank --- but,
He's the world's oldest private,
And his hair is thin and grayed.
Of the cannon and pistol shot,
They say he's unafraid.

PRIVATE:

In the battle of Manila,
In the famous John Brown's raid,
I was then but just a private ---

ALL:
MARCHING)

But I/he never, no never, made --- the --- grade! (EXIT

MC: (RETURNING AFTER TRIO NUMBER TO LEAD THE APPLAUSE) Thank you! Thank
you! Now that our little show is getting hot, getting real hot ---

STOOGES: (IN AUDIENCE) It's burning me up!

MC: Y'know, once I threw a rock at a jackass, and my father said he'd haunt
me all my life! (PAUSE) But now, we're going to set the place on fire with
a flaming comedy sketch called, "Fire House Fun"! (MC EXITS AS ORCHESTRA
PLAYS SEGUE MUSIC INTO SKETCH)

FIRE HOUSE FUN

CHARACTERS: FIRE CHIEF, a very broad comic, red nose, misfit clothes,
and a hillbilly dialect
FIREMAN, same type of character
MAN, very excitable
GIRL, very attractive

SCENE: FIRE HOUSE. THE CHIEF, WEARING HIS HAT, IS SEATED AT THE TABLE,
ON WHICH IS A FIREMAN'S HAT AND TELEPHONE, PLAYING CARDS WITH THE FIREMAN.
BUSINESS OF THE TWO MEN TRYING TO CHEAT EACH OTHER. THE FIRE ALARM BEGINS
TO RING INSISTENTLY. THE MEN PAY NO ATTENTION TO IT, EXCEPT TO GIVE THE GONG
AN ANNOYED GLANCE.

FIREMAN: (CASUALLY) There must be a fire someplace. (TELEPHONE RINGS)

CHIEF: (PICKS UP TELEPHONE RECEIVER, HIS EYES STILL ON THE CARDS) Hello!
Hello! Is there a fire someplace? There is, huh?

FIREMAN: Something told me there was.

CHIEF: (INTO PHONE) Well, what do you know! (TO FIREMAN) Wake up the
boys and ask them if they want to go to a fire.

FIREMAN: (TURNING IN HIS CHAIR AND CALLING OFFSTAGE) Boys, do you want to
go to a fire?

VOICES: (FROM OFFSTAGE) No!

FIREMAN: (TO CHIEF) Find out where the fire is located.

CHIEF: (INTO PHONE) Where is the fire located? On _____ Street? (USE THE NAME OF SOME SHABBY LOCAL STREET) Why didn't you have the fire yesterday? We were on that street yesterday. You say it's just a small fire? Well, I don't think we can make it. (HANGS UP. TO FIREMAN) Whose play is it?

FIREMAN: (HE HAS SNITCHED THE CARD THE CHIEF PLAYED) It's your play.

CHIEF: (LOOKING ON THE TABLE) My play? (SUSPICIOUSLY) Say, I had an Ace here. Where's my Ace?

FIREMAN: I took it with my King.

CHIEF: You can't take an Ace with a King.

FIREMAN: All right. Sue me.

MAN: (RUNNING ON, EXCITEDLY) Hey! My garage is on fire! My car is burning up! (CHIEF AND FIREMAN CONTINUE WITH THEIR GAME, PAYING NO ATTENTION TO THE MAN, WHO RUNS UP AND DOWN THE STAGE WILDLY, WRINGING HIS HANDS) My automobile is aflame! What'll I do?

CHIEF AND FIREMAN: (SINGING TOGETHER TO THE TUNE OF "I DON'T WANT TO WALK WITHOUT YOU, BABY") You will have to walk without it, baby.
There can be no doubt about it, baby.

MAN: (CONTINUING TO STUDY HIS CARDS) Scram, will you! Can't you see we're playing pinochle?

FIREMAN: What kind of a garage you got — stucco, frame, or brick?

MAN: Brick.

FIREMAN: (REASSURINGLY) You got a lot of time. Brick takes longer to burn.

MAN: But it's everything I have in the world! I'll be lost! (HIS EYE FALLS ON THE CARDS IN THE CHIEF'S HAND, AND IN A NORMAL TONE OF VOICE, HE ADVISES THE CHIEF) Why don't you play the Jack?

CHIEF: (INDIGNANTLY) Say, what is this? Out of the blue sky we got a kibitzer! (TO MAN) Did you throw any water on the fire?

MAN: (EXCITED AGAIN) I did. But it didn't do much good! No good, in fact.

FIREMAN: (PLAYING A CARD) Then what's the use of us going? That's all we could do.

CHIEF: (IMPATIENTLY HANDING THE MAN A CAN OF GASOLINE) Here — throw

this on it until we get there. (MAN GRABS CAN AND RUNS OUT. CHIEF AND FIREMAN RISE. FIREMAN PICKS UP HAT AND PUTS IT ON BACKWARDS. IT COMES DOWN OVER HIS EYES AND EARS. CHIEF LOOKS AT IT IN SURPRISE) Say, are you going to a fire, or just coming back? Look how that hat fits you!

FIREMAN: What's the matter with this hat?

CHIEF: For one thing, it's a little tight over your ears.

GIRL: (RUNS ON, FRANTICALLY) Oh --- save me! Save me!

CHIEF: (EXCITED, TOO) What's the matter, lady? Where's the fire?

GIRL: Oh, there's no fire.

CHIEF: No fire?

GIRL: No. I live in a big house alone, and I'm scared to death of burglars!

FIREMAN: We must do our duty, Chief!

GIRL: Oh, thank you! I would like one of you to sleep in my garage, and if you hear any strange noises, I want you to warn me. (TAKES OUT KEY) Here's the key to my bedroom. (BOTH MEN STRUGGLE FOR KEY. CHIEF GETS IT)

CHIEF: You need have no further fears, lady.

GIRL: Thank you, Chiefy. You are so kind. (EXITS, GIVING CHIEF BIG SMILE)

CHIEF: (ADJUSTING HIS CLOTHES) Well, I must away! (STARTS FOR DOOR)

FIREMAN: (HOLDS UP KEY) If he finds me in the garage, I deserve to be killed!

BLACKOUT

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS CHASE MUSIC AS CAST LINES UP BEHIND CURTAIN FOR FINALE. REOPEN CURTAIN WITH LEAST POSSIBLE DELAY BETWEEN SKETCH AND FINALE)

FINALE

ALL: (SING LAST SIXTEEN BARS OF OPENING CHORUS)

We're hams at heart --- we've got the bug
We're hams at heart!
We like to mug (ALL MAKE A FUNNY FACE)
We've got a bloke who tells a joke.
If no one laughs, it's OK --- with us!
(DOWN ON ONE KNEE, HANDS OUTSTRETCHED)
Why fuss --- we're Hams at Heart!

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS LOUD FINISH AS CURTAINS CLOSE)

We're Hams At Heart

By Pfc. Milton Schwartzberg

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and quarter notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The piece begins with a forte (f) dynamic marking.

(1st man)

I nev-er worked for Zieg-feld In the "Fol-lies" on Broad way; I

(2nd man)

The first two vocal parts are written on single staves. The first man's part begins with the lyrics "I nev-er worked for Zieg-feld In the 'Fol-lies' on Broad way;". The second man's part begins with the letter "I". Below the vocal staves is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves with chords and some melodic lines.

(3rd man)

nev-er was a lead-ing man A - long the Great White Way; And I can't boast A

The third vocal part is written on a single staff and begins with the lyrics "nev-er was a lead-ing man A - long the Great White Way; And I can't boast A". Below this is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves with chords and some melodic lines.

we're HAMS AT HEART

(4th man) (5th man)

coast-to-coast Tour, signed by R. K. O; I nev-er danced, I nev-er sang or

(All)

started in ra-di-o, But here's a se-cret — we think you should know it, —

— And here's the best way we know how to show it: —

WE'RE HAMS AT HEART

CHORUS 5.

(All) We're hams at heart! — We like to act! We're
 (All) We're hams at heart! — (Dancer) I like to dance! (singer) I

hams at heart! — And it's a fact The foot-lights and the
 like to sing — a-bout ro-mance! It's just be-cause I

col-ored tights, The scen'-ry and re-hear-sal nights Ex-cite us and de-light us; so we
 like ap-plause, Your hiss-es or your loud hur-rah's, I hit a note and strain my throat. But

WERE HAMS AT HEART

Know we're in our rights to say We're hams at heart! - We've got the
that won't make me pause because (All) We're hams at heart! (Singer) Ha-ha-ha-ha!

(Comic)

bug! We're hams at heart! I like to mug; I
(Voice cracks) (Dancer starts to dance) (others trip dancer)

(All)

am a bloke who tells a joke; If no one laughs, it's o-key-doke with me! You see,
(Comic starts to talk)

WE'RE HAMS AT HEART

- we're hams at heart!

(Monologue) E.D.S. (Chorus)
al Coda



Coda

(others stop Comic) (All) You see we're hams at heart!



It's Not The Veil
(It's What's Behind It!)

By
Pfc. Milton Schwartzberg

Brightly

The o-ri-en-tal girl-ie With her face in yards of veil-ing Nev-er

gives a guy a chance to see ex-act-ly what he's trail-ing. But what's a guy sup-

IT'S NOT THE VEIL

passed to do To find out what he's get-ting? It's worse than gam-bling at the track With

Par-i-Mu-tuel bet-ting. It's true a veil lends o-ri-en-tal fla-vor, —

— But the odds are al-ways in the girl-ie's fa-vor! —

IT'S NOT THE VEIL

CHORUS

I start-ed out to play a game With some nice O-r-i-en-tal dame; I
 could-n't say she had a face, 'Cause ev-'ry-thing was out of place; If

2

take ro-mance_ where I can find it. ——— When ev-'ry-thing was
 love were blind, I would-n't mind it. ——— She had a skin you

go-ing fine, she dropped the veil—Eee, Frank-en-stein! It's not the veil — it's what's be-
 love to touch; I touched it once, just once too much! It's not the veil — it's what's be-

IT'S NOT THE DEIL

1 12

hind it! You hind it! I

thought I'd find a desert love, But slow-ly my heart shrinks; I

swear by des-ert moon a-bove, Con-fi-den-tial-ly, it Sphinx! I've

IT'S NOT THE VEIL


looked on streets and old ba-zaars, O-a-ses and those dim-lit bars; I

take ro-mance where I can find it. ——— But now I know I'll

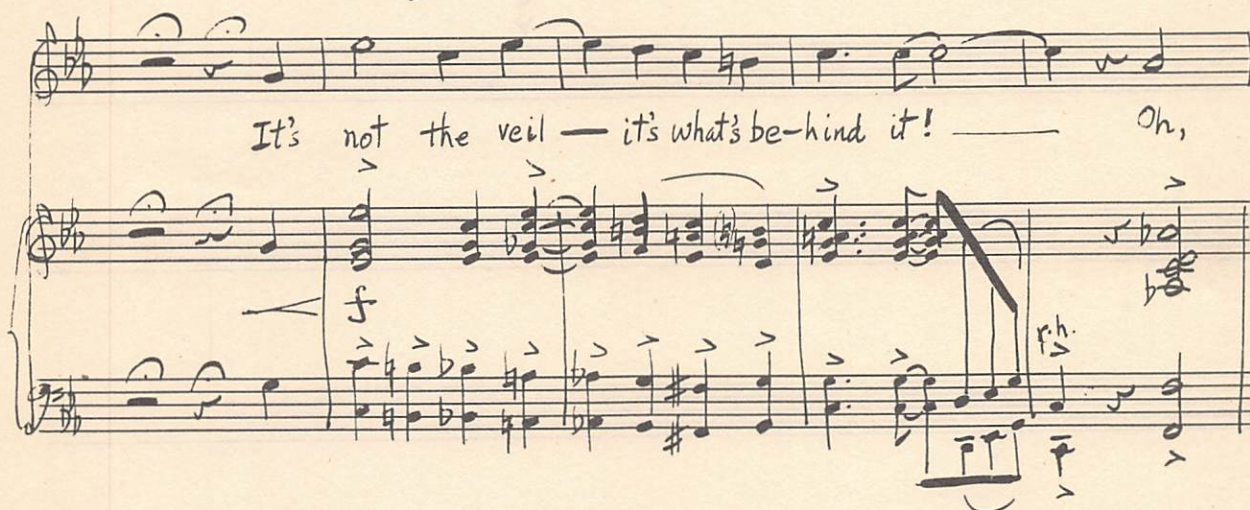
nev-er fail, I'll say, "Please don't re-move that veil; It's not the veil — it's what's be-

IT'S NOT THE VEIL

hind it!" _____ (Monologue)



It's not the veil — it's what's be-hind it! — Oh,



Lord, you made her face all wrong! _____



IT'S NOT THE VEIL

Handwritten musical score for the piece "IT'S NOT THE VEIL". The score is written on a system of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle staff is in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 4/4. The music features a melody in the top staff, a piano accompaniment in the middle and bottom staves, and a right-hand piano part in the bottom staff. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings like *ff* and *ffz*. A vertical line with a downward arrow and the number 8 is positioned below the bottom staff, indicating a page number or a specific measure.

He's the World's Oldest Private

By
Pfc. Milton Schwartzberg

Brightly

Handwritten musical score for piano introduction. The melody is written on a single staff in treble clef, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The rhythm consists of eighth and quarter notes. The accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) in 4/4 time, featuring chords and single notes. A dynamic marking 'f' (forte) is present at the beginning of the accompaniment.

(Master sergeants)

Lis-ten to the sto-ry of a G. I.

Handwritten musical score for vocal introduction. The melody is written on a single staff in treble clef, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The rhythm consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics "Lis-ten to the sto-ry of a G. I." are written below the staff.

Handwritten musical score for piano accompaniment. The melody is written on a single staff in treble clef, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The rhythm consists of quarter and eighth notes. The accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) in 4/4 time, featuring chords and single notes.

See, A long and melan-cho-ly tale of woe!

Handwritten musical score for vocal and piano accompaniment. The melody is written on a single staff in treble clef, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The rhythm consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics "See, A long and melan-cho-ly tale of woe!" are written below the staff. The accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) in 4/4 time, featuring chords and single notes.

WORLD'S OLDEST PRIVATE

If you think you have a right and just com - plaint, You ain't,

Oh, no!

He's the world's old - est pri - vate 'Cause he nev - er made the grade. He's got
world's old - est pri - vate; I was nev - er on the spot When they
world's old - est pri - vate, And his hair is thin and grayed. Of the

WORLD'S OLDEST PRIVATE

twen-ty-five grand-child-ren Wear-ing bars and gold-en braid-If you ask him when he
 hand-ed out those pre-cious stripes, Oh, not a one I got! In my chest are man-y
 Can-non and the pis-tol shot they say he's un-a-raid. In the bat-tle of Ma-

joined up, His poor mem-ry starts to fade- He's the world's old-est pri-vate 'Cause he
 rib-bons, But it nev-er, ev-er paid. I'm the world's old-est pri-vate 'Cause I
 mi-lu, In the fu-mous John Brown's raid, I was

I
 nev-er made the grade.
 nev-er made the

WORLD'S OLDEST PRIVATE

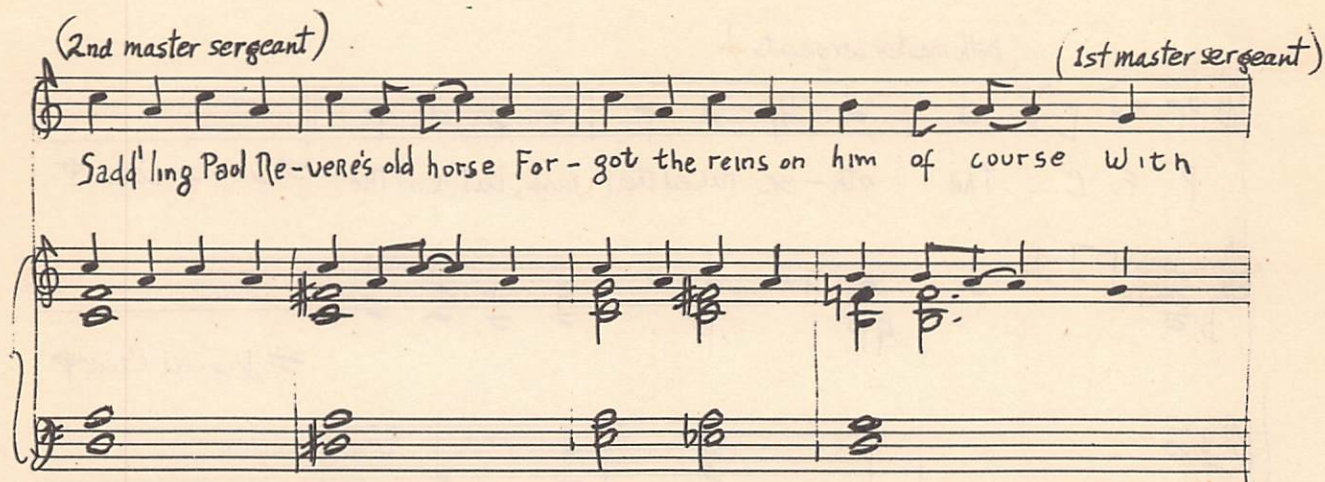
I'm the

grade. With the Reb-els he first land-ed Not a stripe to him was hand-ed

WORLD'S OLDEST PRIVATE

(2nd master sergeant) (1st master sergeant)

Sadd'ling Paul Ne-ver's old horse For - got the reins on him of course With

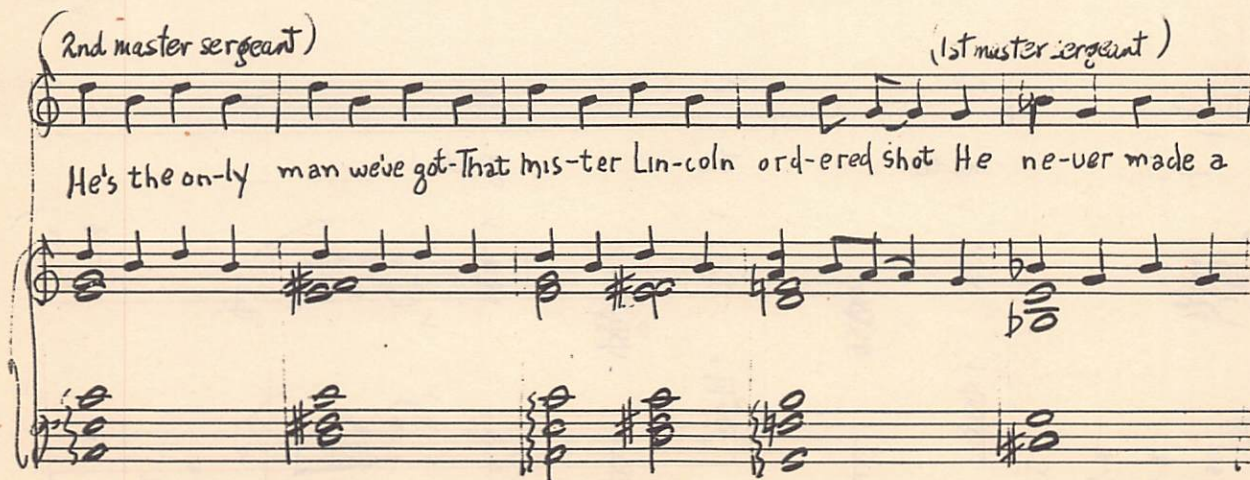


Wash-ing-ton at Val-ley Forge he let the fir-es die said Georg-ie



(2nd master sergeant) (1st master sergeant)

He's the on-ly man we've got-That mis-ter Lin-corn ord-ered shot He ne-ver made a



WORLD'S OLDEST PRIVATE

(Both master sergeants)

P. F. C. - The oth-ers raised their rank, But he's the *Dis. al Coda*

Dis. al Coda

(All)

Coda then but just a pri-vate, But ^Ihe nev-er, — no nev-er —

Coda

— made the grade!

Coda

WORLD'S OLDEST PRIVATE



